

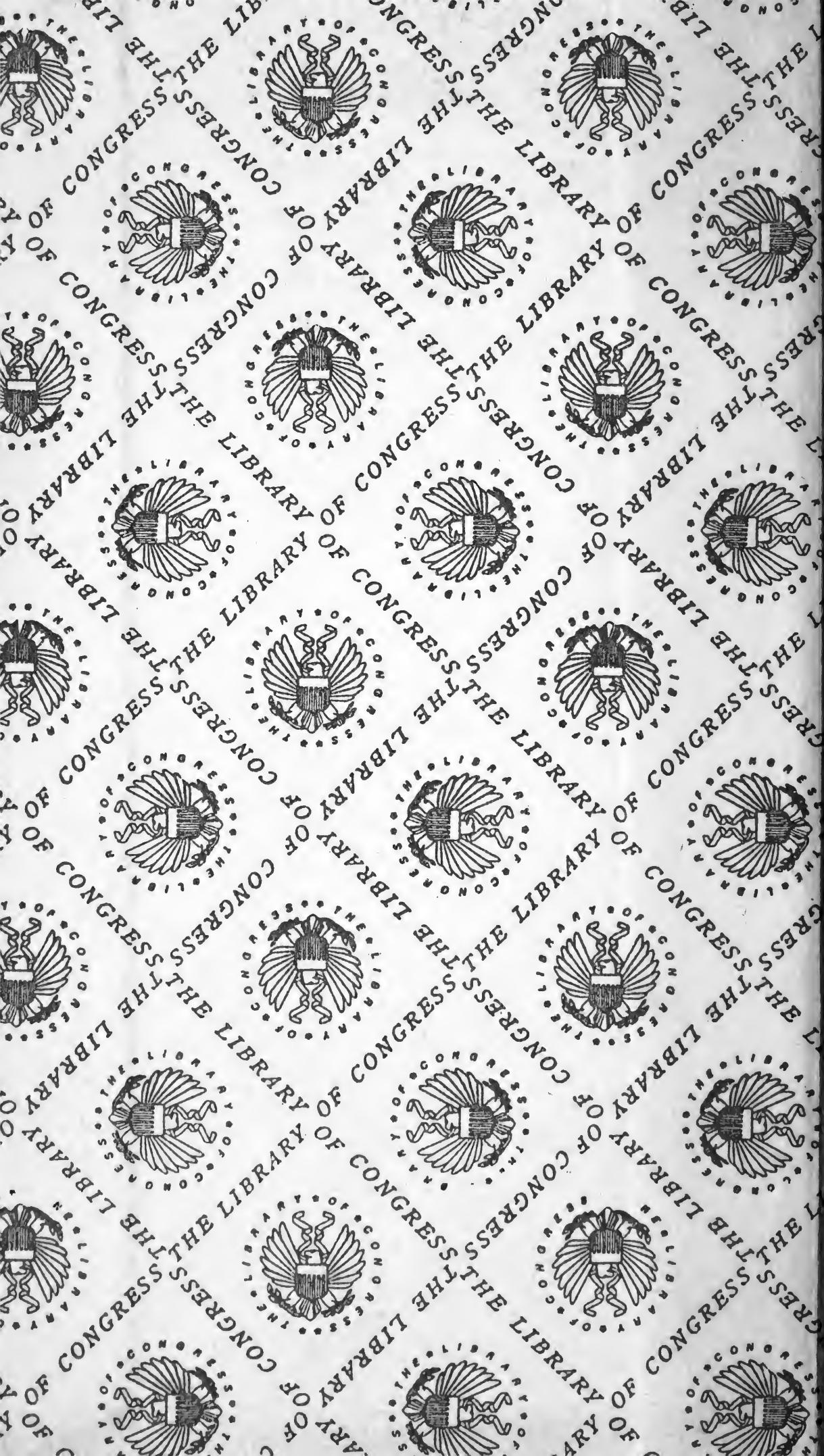
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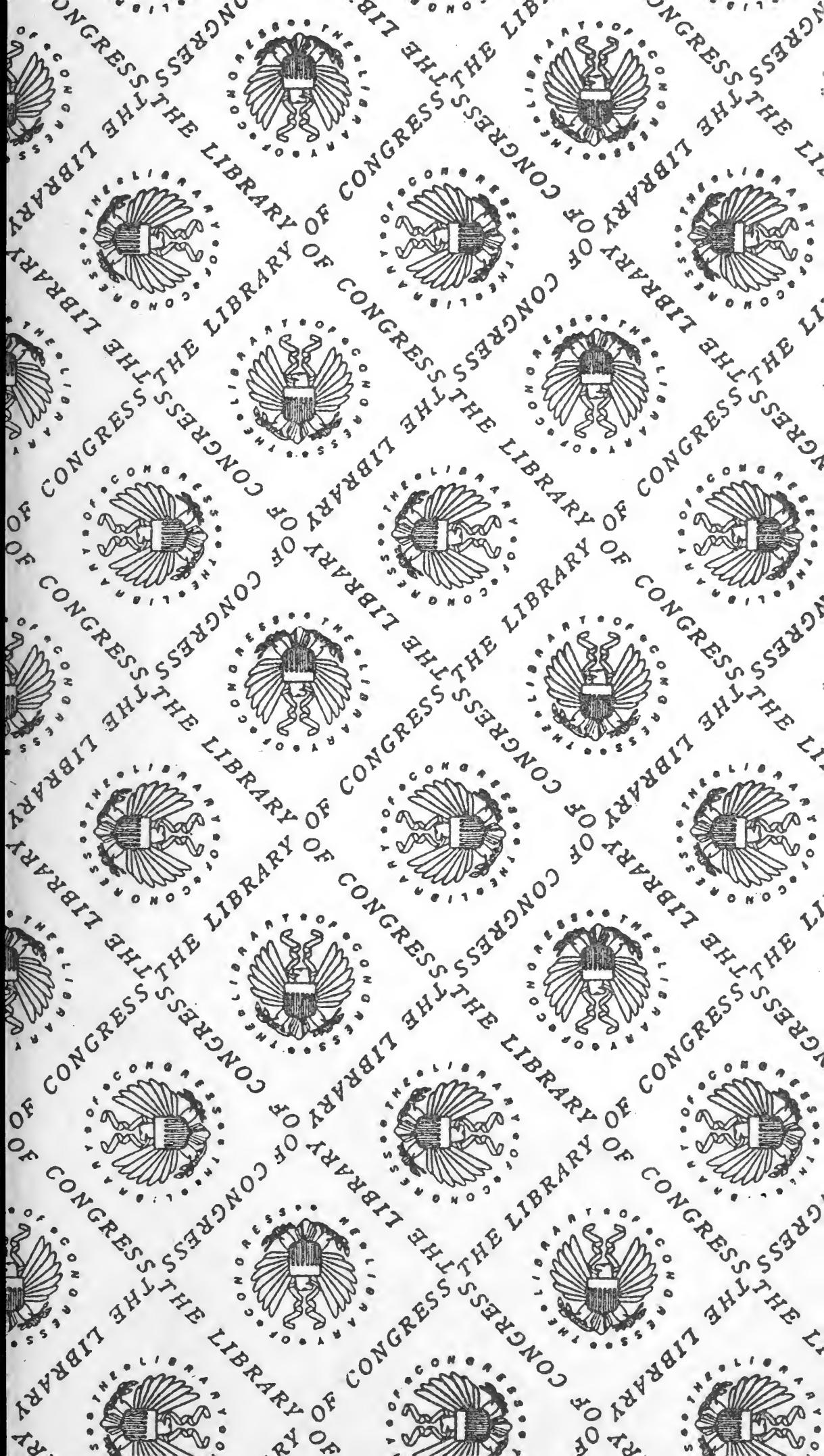
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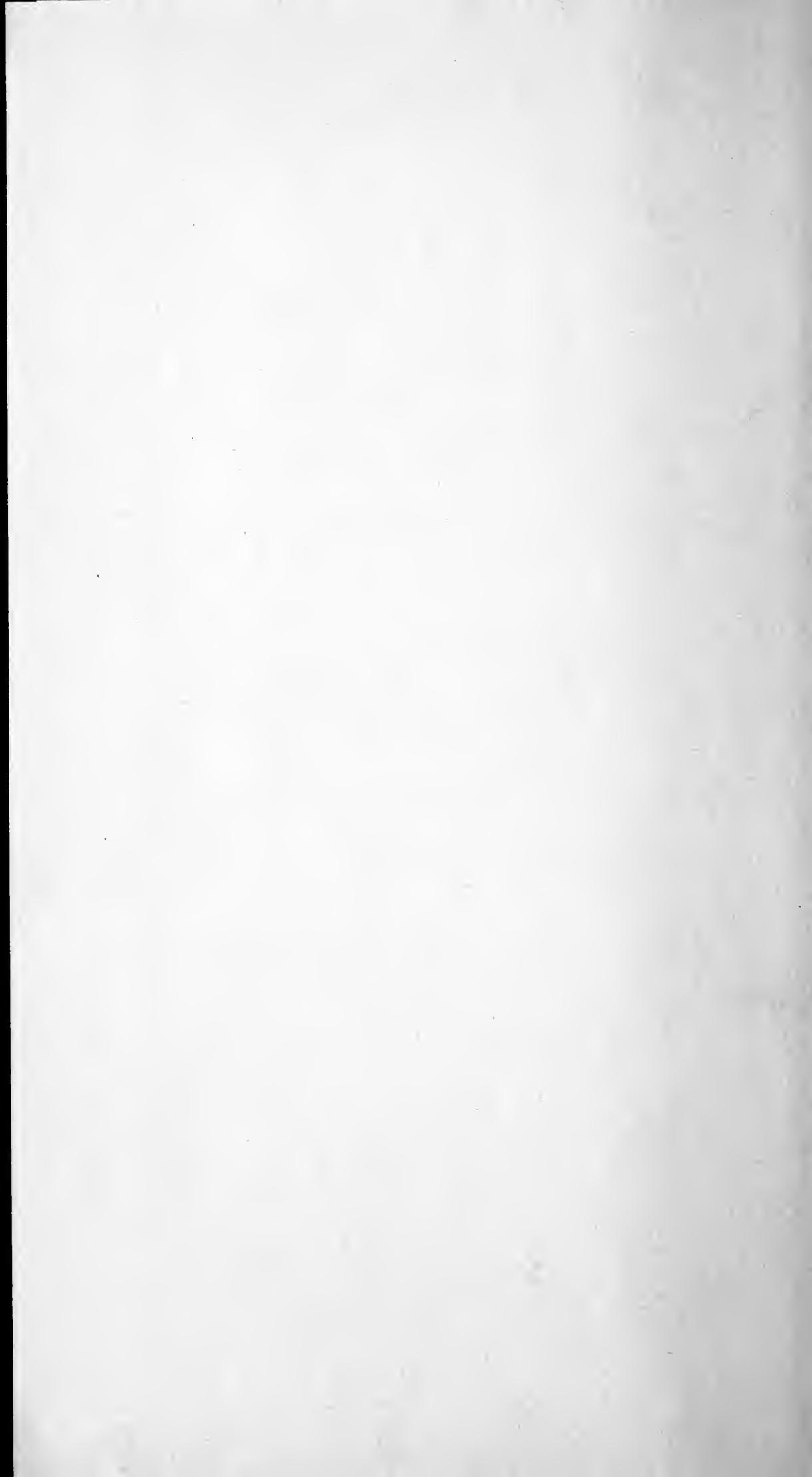
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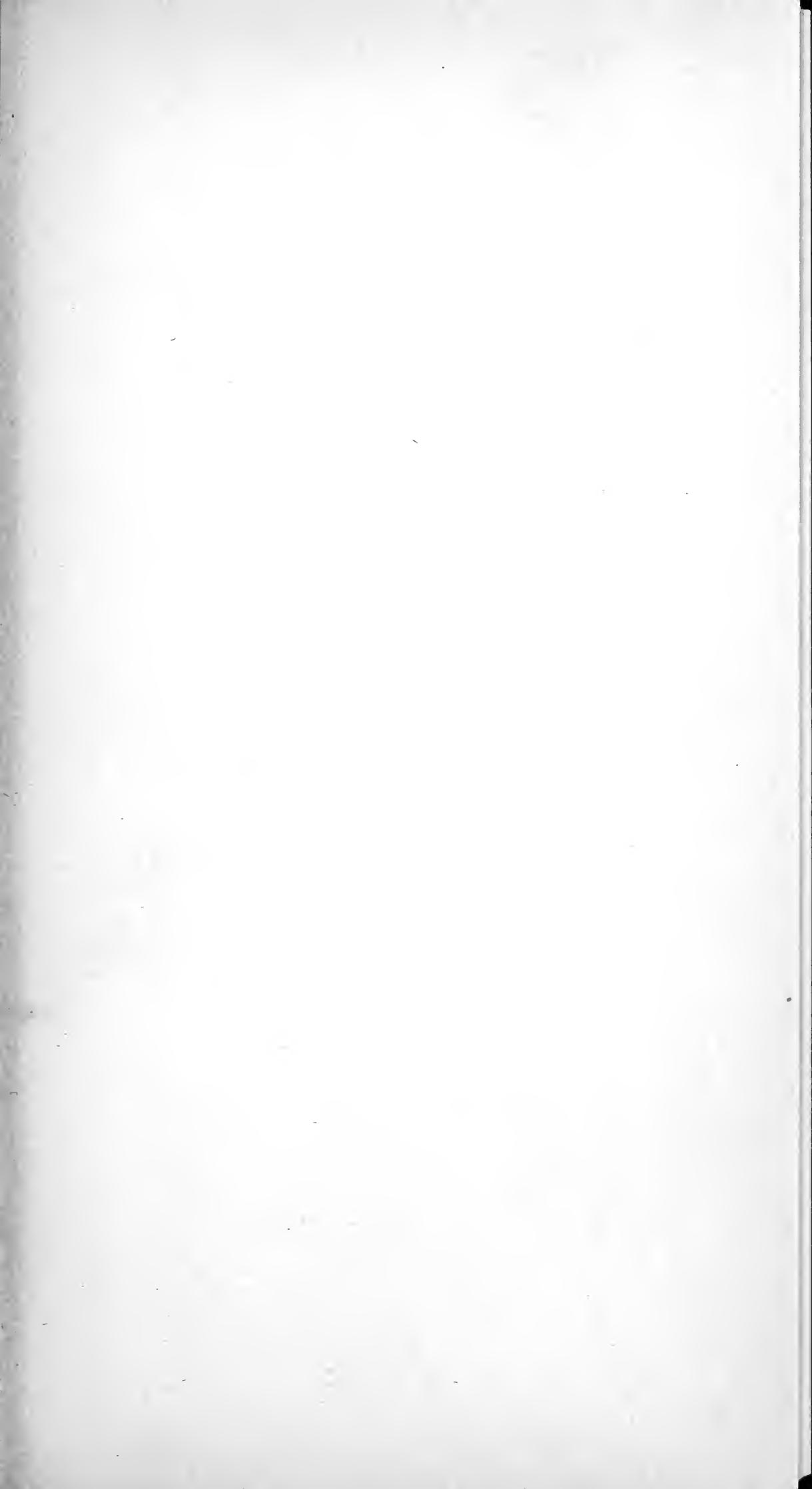


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**This book is in memory of our son
and brother, Ernest Frank Hausser, and
can only be obtained thru a personal
request to his immediate family.**

From Youth to Man

Verses written during School
and College Life

by

Ernest Frank Hausser

Philadelphia, U. S. A.

1920

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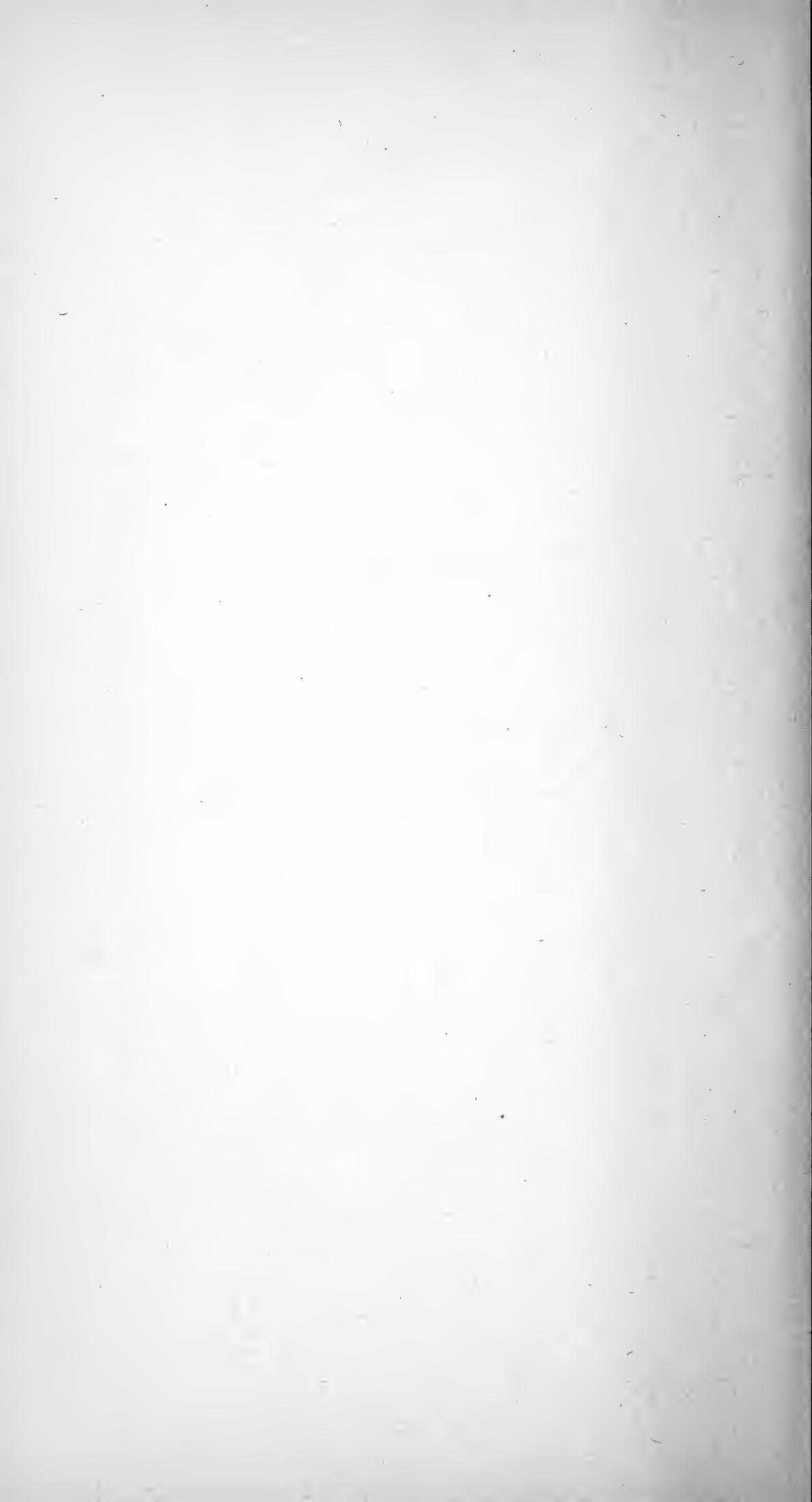
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no. 1





To walk in the light within me
A lord in my separate plan
Ever true to the light within me
Ever doing the best I can
To good of man, and the glory
Of God the creator of man.



My songs no more re-echo
My infinite devotion,
Than does a tiny sea-shell
The music of the ocean.

And so may this small collection of verse
but serve to aid us to fancy what might
have been, and give us an insight into a
noble soul.



FANCY



SPRING

Go forth my soul, for the Muse divine
Is singing in new refrains,
And Spring like a pure and litesome maiden
Leaps out of the musical strains.

She flings the sunbeams in circles enchanted,
The wings of the winds unfold ;
She scatters the green with a lyrical laughter
And daintily trims with gold.

Go forth where she lingers—look into her eyes,
That sparkle with transient gleam,
Till it rouses within thee that golden ardor—
Then swoon to her bosom and dream.

AD DEUM

A mystical love is unfolding
In the bud to a gradual rose;
In the rose ever longing for beauty,
In the beauty that heavenward flows.

VISIONS

When I on Nature's green repose at rest,
With peaceful tranquil thoughts am doubly
blessed,
I view in sky-transforming clouds, the scenes
That form in ideal tones my cherished
dreams.

Then in a bluish mist they fade away,
While others, forming, rise to link the play;
And so my idle fancies fade and rise,
Each plays, in turn, its part upon the skies.

FANCY

Deep within cool forest shades,
Dim silent realms steeped in the fainting
Echoes of forgotten lore,
There glides thru nature's mystic halls
Great Fancy's queen, wan fading form,
Like twilight trailing thru deep green—
Hovering, still, o'er velvet beds,
Moss-grown where brooklets sparkle low
Like music of the long ago.

She sways, sweet Fancy sways supreme,
And from her luring wand arise
In wondrous ways the wondrous play
Of life—a dream, dreamed by the soul
That sleeps—in mortal bosom sleeps
And wakes when mortal is no more.

She glides—with winged time keeps pace—
The present wanes into the past,
And there I lie, alone, and dream
While Fancy steals my life away.

NATURE'S CHILD

Great crystal peaks and frozen streams
Enwrap their chilly winter dreams
 In hazy mists that flow
To form the veils of nature's child,
Smiling o'er a primal wild,
 Time and years ago.

While fairy forms in dreamy flight
Pass down the misty slopes of white—
 Their crystal trumpets blow,
And flakes of pearl around her strew
And bathe her hair with icy dew,
 Time and years ago.

And still where whitest snows arise
She glides along with lyric sighs.
 From smiling Sappho flows
A winter Grace of snow-like thought—
For nature's purest work was wrought
 Time and years ago.

BLOW, WIND, BLOW

Blow, wind, blow;
'Tis a murmuring out of the deep
Where the past lies buried forever
And haunts all the world with the
dream of its sleep.

TENDERNESS

O Tenderness! Elysian nymph divine,
Born of the rosy blush of myriad flowers
Lingering midst fragrant, sunlit bowers,
Pilloved in the bosom of their bloom,
Wafted in the breath of their perfume.

Thy star-crest sceptre, like a single ray
Darting from heaven's soft, ethereal blue,
Instills with wondrous touch an influx as
Of fairy thrills to soothe a thorn-crowned
heart.

PALM

A gently rolling green is Palm,
So peacefully serene and calm,
Here dinted with dark wooded green,
A native's barn there dots the scene,
A white and woolly cloud on high
Floats listless o'er the summer sky,
Beneath whose soft ethereal blue
The changing scene outspreads in view,
While summer browses on the lay
Till night scarfs up the dreaming day.

TO A FLOWER

Thou tender little flower
Peeping from shady bower,
What secret bides thy star-like bloom
That moves my soul to music power.

Harmony sweet
In sympathy meet,
Wafted in perfume
O'er a laughing heather,
Mingling us together.

As I behold thy modest grace,
And drink thy purple beauty,
I slowly pass from time and place
To move in pure, æsthetic space,
Blest in the essence of your race,
Far beyond the spheres.

FAIRY SONG

Sunbeams are prancing
Over the lea,
Fairy loves dancing,
Kisses are free.

Breezes are blowing
Silvery chimes;
Brooklets are flowing
Purling with rhymes.

Maybells are tinkling,
Brimming with glee,
Violets twinkling,
Merry are we.

Love, let us wander
Lithesome and gay,
Over the hills
And far away!

FAIRYLAND

Over the hills, Fancy is calling,
Hark to the golden song.

Dreams are astir in the bosom of nature—
Come, let us go along.

A little girl, with a golden curl,
Is skipping with fanciful grace,
A little boy, all laughing with joy,
Is merrily giving the chase.

They go dancing and prancing each other
entrancing
Till playfully hand in hand
They descend to a valley, a beautiful valley,
That fades into Fairyland.

FANTASY

Out of the forest
Comes skipping along
A dancing fawn
With airy song,

And gathers the dew,
The sparkling gem,
To make for his love
A diadem;

And seeks the thin webs,
O'er grasses spun,
To form the light veils
Of his lovely one.

From petal to petal
He darts and dares,
Then suddenly starts
And stands and stares,

For there is a maiden
So mythic and fair,
With soft, blue eyes
And golden hair,

Who plucks a Forget-me-not
 Tiny and blue,
Twinkling Forget-me-not
 Brimming with dew.

Then lowers her eyes,
 So soft and clear,
Where suddenly trembles
 A sparkling tear;

Where trembles a tear
 Of tenderest woes,
And falls on the bloom
 Of a little wild rose,

Where swift as a breeze,
 In a litesome whirl,
The little fawn darts
 And gathers the pearl;

For ne'er had he seen
 Such a beautiful gem—
How sparkling 'twill be
 In his diadem.

AUTUMN NIGHT

The frosty stars drip in the skies;
The brow of autumn lingers there,
And moaning winds, in distant chase,
Now pass like frowns o'er Autumn's face,
While dancing leaves, like shadow creatures,
Rustle o'er her changing features,
And thoughts that haunt the night
Like shadows, sadden at her sight;
While dreams are chilled by gloomy sighs
And sudden tears start to my eyes.

THE PLAY OF COLORS

The forest old, the forest grim,
Asleep and silent, reigns supreme,
And pillow'd on green twilight dim
Great nature slumbers in a dream.

Within the very labyrinth core,
From depths of the antiquity,
The aged majestic silence bore
A weird, enhanced prodigy.

Beneath the arch-leafed canopy
Appeared in flittering noiseless tread
A wondrous dancing fantasy—
The ruby fairy veiled in red.

Another came, the emerald queen,
The sapphire fairy follows too;
The one is garbed in flowing green,
The other wears a filmy blue.

They danced and danced and danced all three
Upon the velvet forest bed;
They danced and danced and danced all three,
The flowing green, the blue, the red.

And hand in hand they danced a ring,
Then broke the ring in sudden start,
And each in turn began to sing
In soft strains of a dreaming harp.

RUBY

O red,
Bright red.

EMERALD

O green,
Mild green.

SAPPHIRE

O blue,
So true.

RUBY

My sisters, sweet sisters of blue and of green,
The red fairy Ruby of colors is queen.
For red is the brightest and red the most
glaring,
For red is predominant, red the most flaring.
Fire most fearful of elements known
Roars crackling in furious red glowing tone.
Health, greatest blessing and prayer of the
weak
Blooms when the ruby red glows in the cheek.

'Tis only when sickly or dying or dead
That limpid, pale blue is placed in its stead.
For red is the foremost, is vigor, is life,
It flows on the battlefield, flows in all strife.
My sisters, dear sisters of blue and of green,
The red fairy Ruby of colors is queen.

EMERALD

Ah! fairy Ruby, the green, the mild green
Is far the most plentiful everywhere seen;
For nature, thou sacred, thou awed and
revered,
Great mystic complexity wondrously weird;
O silent behest sway the almighty rod—
Art power itself and revealer of God.
And nature hath chosen to clothe in the
green—
The soothing Emerald should be our queen.

SAPPHIRE

O sisters, my sisters of red and of green,
Let Sapphire convince that blue is your
queen.
So cast your eyes upwards the heavens to
view,
Thru green interwoven see twinkling the
blue,
Celestial blue, that envelops our earth,

From thine azure depths she was given her birth.

Thou art the abode of the angels and God,
While nature but echoes his Almighty nod.
Eternal, thy choir resounds thru the main
While earth in her turning but hums the
refrain;

And the earth must be doomed when heaven
her sever—

The heavenly blue reigns forever and ever,

The Ruby fairy glowed in red,
In wrathful trend about to speak;
A mild but wanton wind instead
Arose to kiss each burning cheek.

The veils then whirled upon the lay,
The waning three, their purpose wean;
Again in silence fade away
The red, the blue, the flowing green.

BIRTH AND DEATH

Star of the East and a new-born love,
And the breath of the early morn;
A pearl of dew
And a kiss from you,
And the bliss of things first born.

Robes of the West and the setting sun,
And the calm of the evening lay;
A thought, untold,
Of a soul grown old,
And the peace of the passing away.

TRES

Morning star and the violet
And the twinkle of thine eyes,
'Tis beauty set in a triolet
Of the exalted Light
Of Paradise,
From whence in azure flight
It streams in treble guise.
Morning star and the violet
And the twinkle of thine eyes.

THE PEARL

Sunbeams are sparkling on bright blue seas
Like kisses of golden air,
A mermaid is riding a foam crest wave
And tosses her golden hair.

She laughs to me brightly, and from her
curled lips
She throws me a foam-like kiss
That plays in the breezes and floats along
Like a bubble of dreaming bliss.

As it falls on the sands of the glimmering
shore
It bursts and discloses to me
The pearl I had given a love long ago
On the eve she was carried to sea.

LOVE'S STAR

In the crimson blush of the West I behold
 A silvery cloud unfold
And open the portals into the skies,
 Faint with a glimmer of gold.

A love in the time of my youth stands there,
 Like a dream that is faint and far,
And she smiles as of yore as she holds in
 her hand
 The light of the evening star.

The skies grow dim and she wanes from sight
 With the shadowy kiss of night,
Yet I know that my love is still smiling on me,
 For the star in the West is bright.

TRIOLET

Reach out into the blushing skies
And pluck the sparkling star of love
Where crimson dreams of youth arise.
Reach out into the blushing skies
Amidst thy dreams and realize
The spark from Sacred Fires above.
Reach out into the blushing skies
And pluck the sparkling star of love.

LIEBE

Die Rose muss verblühen Kind
Und du musst auch vergehen,
So schmiede dich der Liebe an
Und züh auf Berges Höhn.

Wo Gottes Licht und Menchen Herz
Rein in einander gehen,
Dort pflege sie, nur sie allein,
Denn Lieb bleibt ewig schön.

THE SINGER

In the green of dewy mosses
Sings a golden-winged canary
In a golden sun-beamed tremor
To a dreaming fairy.

The canary loves the fairy,
By her dreaming grace is taken,
And he sings more beautifully
That she might awaken.

And the fairy smiles in dreaming,
By the golden song is taken,
And she smiles more beautifully
But will not awaken.

Comes a princely fay a-wooing
Wakes her with his nectared kisses
Till away with him she flitters
Nor the song she misses.

So the poet charms the dreaming
Of a loved one with his art,
But himself is not a sharer
Of that loved one's heart.

MEMORIES

Pale moonbeams thru the lattice pierce the shade,

Lay bare, in flickering sheen of mellow grade,
A fond remembrance of the past,
Love's token old in moonshine cast.

It wakes forgotten mem'ries of the sage,
Long slumbering, in the hallowed years of age;

Its fitful breathing sets aglow
The ashen realms of long ago.

'Tis like a fairy tale till now untold,
Rumored, unheard, in golden days of old,
Which from its sepulcher, the real,
In resurrection seems ideal.

Now in a glorious cloud of crimson hue
They rise, moulding once more youth's scenes
anew,
Then fade into the Orient,
Where youth is wrought and youth is spent.

One fiery tint, swept by a stifling wave,
Mem'ries for evermore have found their
grave.

The moonbeams slowly o'er have past,
The aged sire has breathed his last.

SONG OF ROMEO

The skies are sunny and blue, the flowers
shake their dew

Into the summer winds that softly sigh
for you

And bring me sweet wild dreams —
Art thou whispering, love?

The summer winds bring sweet wild
dreams.

The shores are grey where mingle the
spirits of the ocean;

Its foamy bosom murmurs like divine
emotion,

Murmurs in my dreams—
Art thou singing, love?

The ocean murmurs in my dreams.

Now the evening bells are ringing, o'er the
distant mountain crest

The crimson clouds are blushing in the
golden west,

Are blushing in my dreams—
Art thou dreaming, love?

The clouds are blushing in my dreams.

The myriad stars are twinkling, the crescent
of the moon
Sheds silver veils o'er forests where mythic
sylvans croon,
Crooning in my dreams—
Oh, Juliet,
My Juliet;
Her sylvans crooning in my dreams.

So nature in her glory of scenic majesty,
Unveils a world of visions thru the thought
of thee,
Unveils a world of dreams—
Thy soul
Unveils a hidden love in dreams.

LOVE LOST BENEATH THE DEEP, DEEP SEA

Yonder, on a promontory
Flooded with the mellow glory
Of the evening's western glare,
Stands a maiden, lone and fair.

Stands a maiden—lone, supreme—
Looking o'er the ocean's breast,
Beyond the far horizon's gleam,
Deep into the blushing west.

Deep into the blushing west,
Into eternal realms of rest,
Where lives the love—the love that she
Had lost beneath the deep, deep sea.

Love lost beneath the deep, deep sea,
Yet harbored on a crimson shore,
Safely in eternity,
And there awaits her evermore.

There awaits her evermore,
Where songs in crimson floods outpour
In grand Elysian serenades
Till in the west the glory fades.

In the west the glory fades;
Yonder looms the evening star,
Prophet of approaching shades,
Marching slowly o'er the bar.

Shadows marching o'er the bar
Draw the pale and stately car
Of their queen, the silvery moon,
Rising as the shadows swoon.

Rising as the shadows swoon
Into dark monotony;
Now, with streaming reins, the moon
Yokes the bosom of the sea.

Oh! the bosom of the sea
Streaked with streams so silvery,
From the trembling sheen's embrace,
See it rise, a mystic grace.

See the form—a mystic grace—
Dream of yore and evermore.
Love, 'tis love yon tender trace—
How it beckons to the shore!

See it beckons to the shore,
To the maiden on the shore,
Who, enchanted, clinging tight,
Swift descends the moonlit height.

Down the rugged and moonlit height
Wild her eyes, her very soul,
The raven hair in pallid light—
Soon she gains the rocky shoal.

Out and o'er the rocky shoal
Far—far to the waning goal
To join the love, the love that she
Had lost beneath the deep, deep sea.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG

I took the strands of golden hair
Once gathered from my love,
And on some purple violets
A golden harp I wove.

And when 'twas done a zephyr's wing
That fanned the flowery lea
Upon my little harp did play
A golden melody.

And as the soft strands floated by
A voice sang sweet and low,
O come to me, O come to me,
For still I love you so.

THE WANDERER

The wanderer comes home again,
'Tis after many years,
And what a strangeness greets him now
As he the old home nears.

Where are those flowery fields and lanes?
Gone is the old homestead.
The friends that were, are strangers now,
And Elenore has wed.

Sadly, then, he turns away,
For love is no more there;
In tears he seeks his mother's grave,
There kneels in silent prayer.

WAR-TIME LULLABY

When the moon is softly gleaming,
Softly gleaming on the ocean—
 Sleep! my pretty babe, sleep!
While the heart is fondly dreaming,
And the soul is all emotion—
 Sleep! my pretty babe, sleep!
Tho thy father comes no more,
 Ah! no more,
Close thine eyes my little one,
 Close thine eyes
 And sleep.

When the winds are lonely blowing,
Lonely blowing o'er the shoal—
 Sleep! my pretty babe, sleep!
And a longing comes a-flowing,
 Comes a-flowing from my soul—
 Sleep! my pretty babe, sleep!
Tho thy father comes no more,
 Ah! no more,
Close thine eyes my little one,
 Close thine eyes
 And sleep.

JAMAHO

I am softly swooning to sleep, Jamaho;
I shall never awake again,
And I fear—ah! I fear that my soul
Shall be mingled and whipped in the foams
of the Main,
To the blush of a rose
Or the light of a star,
To the music that flows
From the ocean bar.
So linger awhile on my lips, Jamaho,
I shall never again for you pine.
Ah! leave me not Love, till my soul
Shall mingle and dawn like a sunrise on thine.

LOVE



THE KISS OF LOVE

Evening has crossed the golden bar,
A lone star sails above,
Two children drink the nectar
Of their first true kiss of love.

Upon their lips is mingled
All music of their souls
In concord—where a flighty dream
Of golden age unrolls.

For they were lovers ages past,
Two souls blown in one breath,
To love throughout all worlds to come,
Through transient life and death.

HYMN OF LOVE

Grant me, O Lord, once to realize fully,
Once unto all senses to bring
The wealth of her love which unfoldeth to me
Like the bounteous blossoms of spring, O
Lord,
Like the bounteous blossoms of spring.

For then shall I surely be pure, O Lord,
For then shall I surely be strong;
And all that is good and true and eternal
Shall flow from my soul like song, O Lord,
Shall flow from my soul like song.

COME, LOVE, LET US WANDER AWAY

Come, love, let us wander away
And mingle the song of our souls;
Let us sit in sweet rapture and listen
As softly the music unrolls.

Let us sit in sweet rapture and listen
While the hour grows golden and fair,
And a dream comes out of the west
As the sun is setting there.

Who knows what the morrow will bring,
The morrow shall bring what it may,
I only know that I love you
And that you are mine today.

AUTUMN

Autumn, tinged with sunsets,
Charmed with pensive beauty,
Mystic and majestic,

Nature entrancing.

Forests dim and festive,
Purple vines and odors
Copious with garlands

Tinted romantic.

Arbors rich and golden,
Clustering fruits maturing,
Fringed with leaves of russet
Glowing fantastic.

Under twining arches
Love, her eyelids closing,
All allured with mystic
Moods of richest beauty,
Seeks the kindred bosom.

There the head resting,

Resting devoted;

There two souls blending,

Blending like music,

There the tears flowing,

Flowing so softly

Evermore grateful.

HER TOUCH

O, touch not my hair so lightly, O wind!

Nor whisper so sweet in my ear!

Too dear, too dear,

The dream you awake.

O, touch not my hair so lightly, O wind!

Nor whisper so soft in my ear!

Lest my heart break.

STAR AND PEARL AND KISS

The heavens are dreaming with sunset,

And oh! for the star!

The ocean is crooning with music,

And oh! for the pearl!

My spirit is blushing with love,

And oh! for the touch of your lips,

Laughing girl!

LOVE

Far, far across the bar
In a purple sky a golden star—

Love

Strange, sunny lands in the evening shade,
Strain of a harp and a serenade—

Love

A murmuring zephyr from fairyland blows
And mildly kisses the blushing rose—

Love

Midsummer night in a moonlit vale
And the song of a lonely nightingale—

Love

Aetherial Thought with purity pearled
That the wings of the world unfurled—

Love.

SECRET

A secret sweet and rare
Within my heart abides,
And no one knows 'tis there,
For like Elfins shy at sunrise,
So it darts and hides.

But when I think of thee,
My sweet, my lovely one,
I set my secret free,
And my soul glows like the sunset,
My heart, the setting sun.

LOVE

Spring breathes on the harp of Eden
Her æolian madrigal;
And nature is greening and flowering
As softly the melodies fall.

Love tenderly breathes on my heart-strings,
My soul with music glows;
Through the mystical halls of my Being,
Life beautifully flows.

LOVE'S KISS

The dawn,
The rosy skies,
And all at once—the star of morn.

The hush,
The maiden's blush,
And like the star—love's kiss is born.

THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS ARE FALLING

The cherry blossoms are falling like snow-flakes

Through the deep silence of the night,
And the soft turf is becoming all white and
fragrant

Surely my beloved is lying down to sweet
sleep.

WHEN DAWN IS BREAKING

Oh! would thou wert sleeping,
As even thou art,
(So rosy and golden)
Content, at my heart!

UNTO THEE

Sacred, within an ancient temple,
 Lonely,
A torch burns.

Silent and dark my chamber—dearest,
 Only,
My soul yearns.

AT SUNSET

The wanderer enters the temple of prayer,
 And I the presence of my beloved.

THOUGHT



BROTHERS!

Let us fling open wide the portals of our breast—

Dumb reason far too much the finer moods controls—

Let us sing out the songs within ourselves repressed,

And like the wanton winds that blow from out the west,

So let us mingle more the music of our souls.

For when I know thee as thou art, and thou me,

Then life shall be more beautiful, and love more free.

MY SONGS

My songs no more re-echo
My infinite devotion,
Than does a tiny sea-shell
The music of the ocean.

BUILD ME A HUT

Build me a hut within primeval woods,
Far, far away from the too busy scene
And greed of life. There let me live my day
Amid the musings of a muse divine,
Whose spirit, breathing softly thruout all,
Plays nature like a great æolian harp
And sweetly sings of the eternity.

O thou, my soul, here rend the mortal bonds,
That keep thee bound, and join the rhythmic
trend
Of nature, blending all into the great
Ecstatic weirdness of her harmony,
Of which thy self art but a part.

MOOD

O, the longing that steals thru my soul!
And the mood of infinity!
When the night winds sweep over the shoal
And pass far over the sea.

O, would that my soul could follow,
And mingle with storms of the ocean
Or, steeped in the infinite calm,
Join its eternal emotion!

WHEN NIGHT WINDS SWEEP ACROSS THE SHOAL

When night winds sweep across the shoal,
Far, far out to sea,
O, for a kindred bosom and soul
That never again shall be!

THE FIRST OF MAN

I

The ages come and go, and man must die.
He was a wanderer the hills thruout,
And looked upon the great ethereal sky
In thoughtless mien, in vague and careless
doubt.

To him 'twas but a blue expanse, a space
For sun and moon and stars in rhyme to pace,
And nothing more.

His journey, as it seemed to him, had waned
From the indefinite, to wane again
Into the deep indefinite. Alone he reigned;
So must he go, he knew not where, to feign
A life for living's sake—doomed to end
When clay, transformed, again to clay would
blend,
And nothing more.

II

Then as he slowly made his way, he came
Upon a sparkling stream, whose pearling
song

Imbued the shades that ages cast, the same
Thru which he wandered—none can tell how
long.

And lying down beside the music stream
Was steeped in sleep, and dreamed a won-
drous dream.

III

And in this wondrous dream he seemed to
see

Into the deep depths of infinity,
From whence broke forth, as from a cloud
of night,
A faint and feeble radiancy of light.

And in its midst appeared a form more
bright—

A source of glory—from itself it flings
The rays which, in a fluctuating flight
Outline a pearly-brilliant pair of wings.

Now from infinity it seems to make
Approach, and, drawing near as shades
disperse,
Grows brighter, brighter and with trembling
wake

The holy Light sweeps thru the universe.
'Tis coming on in swift and swifter flight;
The essence of all power in a breath
Sweeps o'er him now—Drink of immortal
light!

O fainting ecstacy! Departing death!

IV

He wakes, he clutches at his breast,
Then wildly stares, stares to see
The fleeting of the dream—the dream,
The dream—'tis gone. How still the forest!
O, what wondrous calm and majesty
Besets its stately silence!

V

Low, faint and low, a voice—
'Tis like a murmur from the deep;
A warning that thru unborn ages
Rises from within the breast
And renders the celestial
Immortality the subject of
This life—'tis Conscience—Conscience;
Now it speaks; he hears, and having
Heard, so shall he hear it
Evermore. He is the first of man.

EGO

You ask me, friend, what means my life to
me?

I say it means the ever-growing joy
Spent in the better growing of all self;
In crystallizing thought and bosom flames
Into an all containing One and Passion;
Into a singleness of sacred fire,
That in the chaos of a light beyond
Shall gleam in undivided radiancy—
A soul!

I gather from myself the crimson petals
To form the sacred rose
Of everlasting bloom.

I conjure from myself the music notes
To form the gamut of
Eternal harmony.

THE TRUTH

I sat alone one wintry night
And pondered over death,
And wondered if I still would live
After earthly breath.

I questioned all religious thought,
And from my early youth
I studied all philosophies
And longed to know the truth.

While thus in thoughtful revery,
I heard a sudden rapping,
And thru the door and over the floor
A phantom form came tapping.

“I am the voice of Truth,” it said,
“And come in secrecy
To tell you what you long to know
Of the eternity.”

A momentary thrill of joy
Went thru me like a dart,
But, just before the voice would speak
A chill came to my heart.

I started, scarcely knowing why,
I bid the phantom go,
Then slowly turned aside—somehow
I did not want to know.

A VISION

'Twas evening of the Sabbath day,
The church bells everywhere
Were ringing out into the world—
It was the time for prayer.

Out in the west, a magic glow
Imbued the skies, enticed,
As on a little trembling cloudlet
Rose the form of Christ.

He viewed with calm, majestic eye
The steeples that were raised
O'er all the land to honor Him;
He heard His glory praised.

There was the victory of the cross,
And yet as He looked down
On many a place of Worship there,
I saw Him slowly frown,

And with a frown He passed away.

I gazed, and wondered why,
When lo! a hand reached from nowhere
And wrote upon the sky:

“And Jesus went into the temple of God
and cast out all them that sold and bought
in the temple, and overthrew the tables of
the money-changers and the seats of them
that sold doves.”

THE WORTHLESS

How many mortals sing to God their praise,
And strive only to do His great behest,
Not in the love for his appointed ways
By which this life itself would be more
blessed,

That each might sow and reap some golden
grain,
Each pluck the clustering grape and drink
some wine,
Returning thus to golden age again,

But just because, when death dims mortals'
eyes,
These hope, with utter selfishness, to drink
Eternal happiness in paradise!

ETERNITY

Again it is midnight, again I can hear
Those soft, stealthy footsteps that thrill
 me with fear;
Footfalls of time as they steal to the grave,
In ceaseless eternity steal to the grave.

Eternity! why do I shudder and falter,
Since ages on ages must pale at thy altar.
 Yet ages are wrought
 In the force of soul thought,
And I am their measure and not sacrificed,
My altar alone is a vision of Christ.

THE ATHEIST

The raging storm had cleared, and in the west
A sudden fiery sunset breaking through
Enriched the soft and woolly fringed breast
Of folding clouds with gorgeous crimson
hue.

He stood upon those shores, storm-swept;
His mein was sad and dark—his inner
breast
A tomb where self had buried self unwept;
He viewed the west—he struggled and
suppressed.

He would deny yon glory, lest the trust
Dispel the night where atheism crept;
But, Oh, the inner voice—the conscience
thrust—
His soul would speak, and like a child he
wept.

WALK WITH THY GOD

Walk with thy God; and in the inmost
Temple of thy being
Build Him an altar there.
One power wields and conquers all—
And that's a strong soul's prayer.

PRAYER

And there is one God over all
Whose scepter sways all life;
And the soul that's strongest in its prayer
Stands victor in the strife.

PRAYER

The world is writhing in the pangs of war.
Everywhere about me is pain and suffering,
Nothing but war, war, war,
My own people have raised their banners,
And with gleaming sword are marching off
to war,

Nothing but war, war, war.

Yet I refuse to take part,
To march against mankind,
To kill.

This is Thy will, O God,
As Thou hast made it manifest in me;
This is Thy word.

I hear it clear and strong,
It sings in my soul like a trumpet call at
dawn.

And I cannot but obey.

O God, help me be fearless and strong in
the dictates of my soul.

Let me not be swayed by the tumult of the
multitudes;

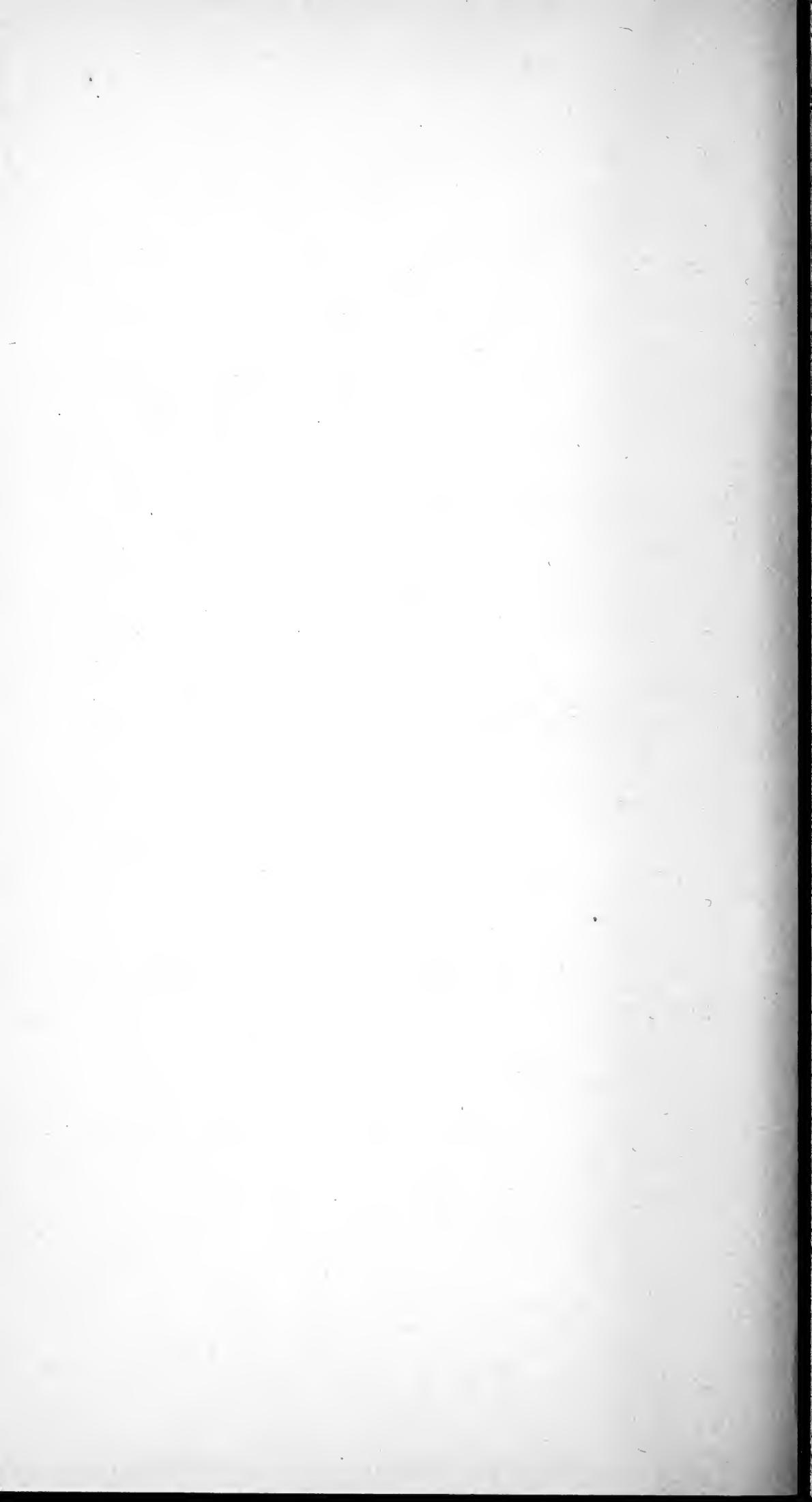
Let me not yield to the tread of marching
armies

And glitter of gleaming swords and the cries
of false glory;

Let me not grow faint in the scoff and scorn
of a people,
Nor the threats of those who lead,
But help me be patient and fearless and
strong,
For Thy light shines clear,
And it sings in my soul like a trumpet
call at dawn,
And I cannot but obey.
O God, Thou wilt not forsake me.

Amen.

OTHER POEMS



LIFE AND DEATH

I

One night, while seated at my window,
And feeling strange and weird,
Far down the road, where shines the moon,
Two wondrous forms appeared.

The one in black was haggard
And hideous to see;
The other robed in flowing white
Was winged and heavenly.

And side by side they came along;
A chill went over me
As they passed by—two ministers
Of the eternity.

II

The room is small and dim; a woman,
Sick in bed, lies moaning,
While on the floor a wounded soldier
Painfully lies groaning.

The soldier slowly droops his head,
He gasps, and as he dies,
Upon the mother's breast an infant
Utters first-born cries.

HOW MANY AND MANY A GOLDEN HOUR

How many and many a golden hour
Of idle sweet dreams have I lavished upon
thee;
The soul pouring forth, in a diademed
shower,
Visions on visions that templed thy bower,
Until the sweet fires of youth burnt low
And the dream-flame flickered in dying glow.

And now it is gone and it leaves me outcast—
Nothing done in the world—and I shrink
from the blast,
As I stir in dream-ashes for sparks of the
past.

But again I were rather, if reborn to prime,
A martyr outstretched on the altar of time
For the care-free romancer of realms fancy-
seen
With great rainbow castles and thou as my
queen.

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA

How the wind howls thru the night,
Sweeping on in witch-winged flight
O'er rock-rugged shores, then out, far out
 to sea,
 Moaning in its might,
 Groaning at its height
Round the cottage by the sea.

It rattles on the window pane,
And thru the door it seeks to gain—
Like some forboding evil of the sea
 Wailing thruout the main—
 An entrance seeks to gain
Into the cottage by the sea.

A mother pale and sick in bed,
A little child kneels by the stead,
The father for the night has gone to sea.
 That dim, low light of dread
 About the room is shed
Within that cottage by the sea.

The faintest smile, a waning ray,
Steals o'er the mother's face. She lay,
Life ebbing, while the storm raged out at sea.

O, hear the sweet child pray,
In simple prayer pray
There, in the cottage by the sea.

O, hear the winds sweep o'er the shoal!
They moan, they shriek without control.
O, pray, sweet child! now far, far out to sea
They to thy father roll
And bear thy mother's soul
From thee, now lonely by the sea.

ALL IS SILENT

All is silent—strange the light—
A clock is striking far away;
I sit alone, while swift the night
Steals on and wraps me in its sway.

My thoughts go back to one now sleeping
In the moonbeams' silvery sheen,
Streaming like the tears of weeping
Angels, near, yet all unseen.

Wan, elfin spirits flitting by,
In sylvan veils and night array,
Into the window peep and cry—
Tomorrow is her wedding day.

They marvel at her sweet, pale face,
They wonder at her streaming hair,
And suddenly, distinct to trace,
A form in robes of white stands there.

A winged form, stately, tall;
It lifts the sword that frees the soul.
The elfins fade and now fades all—
Oh, God! what means that distant knoll?

THE MUSIC OF THE DEAD

Midnight came and all were asleep,
The winds blew bleak and bare;
The moonlight flooded the chambers below,
A coffin, white-shrouded, stood there.

The sheen of the moon began slightly to tremble,
As if something had stirred its repose,
And the shroud on the coffin began to upraise,
While the dead one beneath it arose.

Arose in the form of a beautiful youth,
Like a statue of marble display,
A youth who had hoped to sway souls
with his music,
But died at the break of day.

Then slowly he moved thru the great,
silent halls,
And never a sound he made
As he took from the walls his favorite harp
On which he so often had played.

And there in the moonlight his white,
wasted fingers
Softly the harp strings stirred,
While tones of such wonderful music
came forth
As never a mortal had heard.

So wild and so sweet with harmonic
discordance,
So thrilled with a tremulous wail,
That those who were sleeping in chambers
above,
They smiled in their sleep and grew pale.

More wondrously trembled the tones with
enchantment,
More weirdly they thrilled the halls thru,
While those that were sleeping more
heavenly smiled
And paler and paler they grew.

Among them a child, with bright, golden
locks,
In sleeping raised slowly her head,
And held out her hands as to something
before her,
Then swooned and fell back to her bed.

Then suddenly ceased all the music—the
tones

Died away like a haunted breath.
The player stole stealthily back to the
coffin,
And all became silent as death.

Then morning dawned and the sun arose
With its rays of golden and red,
But those that were sleeping, they never
awoke,
Not even to bury the dead.

ONE NIGHT

One night an awful vision thrilled
The slumbering chambers of my soul.
A mad youth chased a fleeting maiden
O'er a night enchanted shoal,
Where the spirits of the ocean
Breathed a melancholy knoll.

He caught her flying tresses,
He seized her tangled hair;
She fell upon her knees
And pleaded in despair,
As with his soul's behest
A blade flashed in the air,
A moment trembled there,
Then sank into her breast.

The moon rocked in the skies,
The seas began to moan,
The stars fell from their orbits,
The earth shook in a groan,
When black night like a pall
Fell suddenly o'er all.

From the abyss of night
A wail of agony,
A faint and distant wail
Of human agony
Arose, and, quailing, fell
Upon the silent spell.
Then Lucifer swept by
And took a soul to hell.

ONE OF A THOUSAND

(A translation from a German poem)

My son!—is he dead? I scarce grasp the meaning,

I stare at the message as tho I were dreaming.

My boy, my dear boy, my comfort and light,
His laughing eyes, so blue and so bright.

He beheld me so proudly, so soldierly stern,
“Have courage, dear mother, for soon I’ll return.

“How long will it be? A year at the most.
Then shall we come home a victorious host.

“The golden laurels shall then be possessed,
The Cross of Iron adorning my breast.

“No foe shall then ever our dear home
destroy,
Mother, the fatherland calls for your boy.

“One of a thousand, console thyself too,
For thousands of mothers must suffer like
you.

“Millions of sons the great call obey,
Hundreds have bled and passed away.”

My boy, my dear boy, my comfort and light,
Thy laughing eyes, so blue and so bright;

And now they are closed, and thy lips too
are pale,
And thou buried deep in a foreign vale,

With the Iron Cross, which in burning zest
You sought, now adorning thy bleeding
breast.

You bade me, "Weep not with such bitter
emotion—
One of a thousand—a drop in the ocean."

WHERE SAFFRONED FANCIES WILDLY SWAYED

Where saffroned fancies wildly swayed
O'er dream-sea Muryamat,
Midst orient charms, there dwelt a maid
That on the harp of Omar played
And sang the Rubiayat.

Her beauty mingled with her song
That spread dream-like o'er Zephyrus' wing,
And crimsoned mildly everything,
As first when Phaeton's chariot
Into the new-born skies did fling
The blush of Roseate.

The Sylvans combed her raven hair,
Long silken strands of night;
Her eyes—what spirit sparkled there—
Her cheeks were ivory white,
Soft glowing, when the passions rose,
Like cheeks of purest snows
Flushed with an eastern light.

As morning once with orient wings
Unfurled the first of day,
While dew still clung to flowers' lips
And perfumed morning's lay,
I found me lingering by her side,
I heard her softly sing,

“Pluck kisses from my ruby lips
While bloom and beauty last;
Like glories of a passing day
Fade away, fade away
 Into night,
 Forever.

So I pass, naught can delay,
For joys ne'er tarry on their way
 Toward night,
 Forever.”

I felt the charm, the wondrous thrill,
The fire of heart and soul and will,
 The sudden chill.

And long I viewed that bloom and beauty,
 With the soulless thought it clad;
I wondered, suddenly turned away,
 Infinitely sad.

THE BROKEN LILY

They used to stroll thru yon far glen
Where dreamy waters flow,
And Cypress trees with purple shades
By water-lilies grow.

She was a tender blue-eyed girl
Of light romantic glow.
He loved her for her chastity,
(He often told her so).

A water-lily pure as snow
Grows where two lovers stray;
"Thy soul is far more pure," said he,
"Why do you turn away?"

A water-lily white as snow
Sighs where two lovers tread.
"Thy soul is far more white," said he,
"Why do you bow your head?"

One night a little girlish form
Stole to a moonlit river,
And broke the lily from its stem,
Then disappeared forever.

At morning came a happy youth
To greet the lily's sigh,
But saw it broken from the stem—
Long he wondered why.

A MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

Bring sunshine, gather flowers and be gay,
Give thanks while heaven's blessings o'er us
sway,

For mother is just forty years today.

Behold our grateful glow,

O mother dear,

We love you so.

Ring forth in forty chimes O birthday bells,
Sweetly betokening the love that swells
Our hearts and in our hearts forever dwells.

They ring that you may know,

O mother dear,

We love you so.

With festive splendor we all honor you,
Greetings, sincere, our hearts impart to you,
And throbbing, weave a sacred wreath for
you.

Our only meaning tho,

Is mother dear,

We love you so.

While tides of tender thoughts within us rear,
A little spray, too high, becomes a tear
That, trembling, faintly breathes we hold
thee dear.

Again it breathes, so low,
O mother dear,
We love you so.

Just forty years, rejoice in merry lore
And sing a song, live, live, live forty more,
While hearts in silent tones add yet a score.

Their souls their trumpets blow,
O mother dear,
We love you so.

HER BIRTHDAY

September hovered o'er the lay
And held the dismal scepter sway,
 Faded the summer's glow;
Whilst withered leaves bedecked the earth,
A floweret yet was given birth,
 Seventeen years ago.

Whilst dreary zephyrs mourned the hewn
And murmured death-songs o'er the
 strewn,
 No more the summer's glow;
A freshness, soul imbued, arose
To smile away their dismal woes,
 Seventeen years ago.

The autumn sorrows, queenly, swoon;
Heavenly rays now pierce the gloom,
 Blessings on thee bestow
And angels' kisses o'er thee pour
As they had kissed thee once before,
 Seventeen years ago.

OLD COLLEGE HALL

Old College Hall, romantic pioneer
Of learning! Art imbued with lasting lore
And memories; art glorious in the store
Of many a noble deed that knows no peer,
Wrought by the spirit of youth. From year
to year
From out thy halls has poured, and still
 does pour,
A mighty tide of men sweeping from shore
To shore, the world around, to sway, to rear
The grand, continuous march of culture—
 Stand,
Long stand, thou walls with clinging ivy
 scanned,
Which for a century and years upheld
That institution opening to the soul
Those treasures wherein are stored
 unspelled,
The great and wondrous powers of its Being.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

How still the night, O holy night, caressed
With slumbering breaths of scented paradise
Wafting, divinely swayed, thru human breast
 Raising the fettered soul
Nearer the starlight altars of the sky—
 The night of Christmas.

Immortal chords from mortal bosoms rise
In concord trailing visions of the soul;
The twinkling starry main of silenced skies
 Resound the soft refrain,
And “Peace on earth good-will towards
 men,” extol—
 The night of Christmas.

What lofty ardor swells in binding ties
From heart to heart, and every burden
 spends;
Thy noblest thoughts gleam in thy brother’s
 eyes
 And finds expression there.
How dear our home and hearth, how dear
 our friends—
 The night of Christmas.

MIDNIGHT AND THE BRIGHT FULL MOON

Midnight—and the bright full moon
Creeps slowly behind a cloud;
O'er yonder graveyard's cold, grey stones
There steals a dark and gloomy shroud.

As in a trance, a ghastly thing—
Like in the night a foam-crest wave—
Looms up and on a bleak, white harp
It weirdly chants, “I am the grave.”

“Ye that fear me
Come not near me;
Come not near
If you fear;
'Tis the guilt
Thou hast spilt
O'er thy soul;
Purge thy soul.
List, I am the key
To the eternity.”

“Ye that fear not,
Ye that rear not,
Nor appall
At my call,
Here unfold
To behold
All the glory
Of my story.
List, I am the key
To the eternity.”

THE MISER

I

The miser, aged and bearded, sat
By flickering candle-light
And fingered gold coins one by one,
And chuckled with delight.

And as he viewed his glittering hoard,
There came a haunted sound,
As tho a phantom stirred the winds;
The miser stared around.

II

“Thou fearful ghost, thou hollow-eyed,
Have we not met before?
And who art thou, that thou dost enter
Thru a bolted door?

“Would’st steal from me the gold for which
I’ve slaved so many a year?
Avaunt, thou evil spirit!
Thou hast no errand here.”

III

“Ha! Ha! thou fool! and what care I
For all this golden store;
Nay, I have come to take thy soul—
Just this, and nothing more.

“This gold for which thy life was spent,
’Twill make a festive day;
Come! haste! we dare not tarry now,
He’s calling us away.”

CLASS POEM
CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL
CLASS OF FEBRUARY, 1914

Classmates, now have we safely sailed the
waters of the High School sea,
Its bar is crossed and we are moored upon
its shores of victory,
That rise to strand our noble host and from
whose coral-crested steep,
With strained eye and ardent hope we scan
the boundless worldly deep.

Now on this strand, with hand in hand,
behold your fellow, face to face;
His whole expression's earnest tone, which
time and years cannot erase;
And mold it, ne'er to fade, in memory, where
then in coming score
It shall, in ideal vision, give expression to
a time no more.

How soon those years of youth's gay tremor,
veiled in crimson, fringed in gold,
Have pastured on life's budding green and
passed into their misty fold!
Wherein the evening of emotion, when a tran-
quil mood sets sail,
In great display and mellow numbers, o'er
and o'er they'll tell their tale.

So breathe warm breaths of recollection,
melting misty veils of time;
View the glowing past and hear the music
of its distant chime;
How it mirrors every scene, and each reflects
a prophecy—
The past is bound up with the future, and
reflects futurity.

Those scenes, a little world themselves—who
mistakes their guiding light?
A thousand books known word for word, of
school, afford not half their might.
We hoard them up with miser care, like
charms in fairy tales of old,
That summon from a living inner riches far
more rich than gold.

All phases of an earnest life do they reveal
in mild degree;
We marked their first appearance like a
night watch on a wondrous sea,
And oft shall know them all too well in an
untempered sway again.
Yet should you fear? Why should you fear?
You conquered here to breast their main.

Our trials, our frettings, there portrayed,
and all our fervent hopes and fears
Seek repetition, sharply hewn, of keener
form in future years;
As anvils clang the sinews grow, each time
they bend a stronger shoe;
Once hast thou won to win again tho “re
adversus” stronger grew.

There sweep the waves that sought to wreck
proud honor on their shameless shoal;
How they echo in the future as through ages
on they roll!
From shores unseen the songs of Sirens,
sweet on tempting wings are borne;
They, too, will lure in song again, in vain,
but to be laughed to scorn.

Now loom the hours that tried the heart and
burdened heavy every brow,
Mere phantoms to discourage and to make
the boldest spirit cow.
Yet from their gliding silence steals again
the voice that “Onward” cried,
With “Onward” as a motto there, the gloomy
sway was swept aside.

When flying time with bat-like wings again
enshrouds your inner sight,
Know 'tis but a passing shadow, cast to make
life's joy more bright.
In those shades there forms the dew to pearl
thy path as thou progress,
Their sparkling gamut murmuring e'er, "On-
ward, onward and success."

Behold there still in fitful dance the spirits
of every calling glow,
Rising each to join its star—in folds their
trailing glimmer flow
And beckon sweetly—follow to the realms
where myth and fancy perish,
Where thou in full reality of thy endowment
sown, shall flourish.

And through it all still sounds once more a
crimson trumpet's golden strain,
That scattered lingering shades to clear the
way for culture's marching train,
Those final tones—List! how into low har-
mony they blend,
Echoing and echoing fore'er the wondrous
word of friend.

For last days, like fiery breaths of Phœbus
tinging western skies,
Gathering the glory of a passing hour, there
gave rise
To waking of that finer sense, that incense
breathed by friendship's lay,
For friendship prompted every heart—now
friendship holds the scepter sway.

Who dares to leave these fostering walls that
has no binding friendship made;
Though steeped in honored depths of study,
poorly, poorly he's repaid,
His bosom, like a starless sky, is unknown to
a higher birth,
The cozy ardor of the breast, the warmth so
priceless in its worth.

But now, gone are the High School days, the
friends, and with each passing year,
That time in ceaseless flight unrolls, those
days shall ever grow more dear;
Locked in time's increasing chambered space
to which there is no key,
They shall remain as precious gems set
deeply in our memory.

We leave thy peaceful walks, dear school, to
join the whirling stream of life;
To guard its posts, augment its welfare, and
be leaders in the strife;
To raise the worldly pedestal, to elevate the
human seat,
Ever mindful of the proverb, "As thou sow-
est thou shalt reap."

So let us strive, that having striven, we'll be
worthy of her name;
Win for her respect in others, bring her
honor, spread her fame.
Dear old old High School—Alma Mater—
thou whose motto is excel,
From their innermost recesses, loyal sons
bid thee farewell.

CLASS POEM
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
CLASS OF JUNE, 1917

I

O, the winds of the east and the winds of the west,

They blow from the ends of the earth;
In the merriest weather they blew us together
In the weather of laughter and mirth.

II

For we're all just good fellows who love the wide world,

Good fellows, high hearted and true,
Who've gathered once more in farewell to old Penn
And the dear old Red and Blue.

III

Now the sailor who sails by the north star,
He loves to tell of the sea;
And the hunter who roves o'er the Ozark,
Has a story of liberty.

So, like the sailor and hunter,
We, too, have a story to tell—
Old Penn, happy days and bright faces,
And the comrades we loved so well.

IV

We have fought on the gridiron many a fight
To make old Penn renowned,
That her proud name in honor and fame
O'er land and sea resound.

When the scores were tie and the goal was
nigh
While cheers rose wild and free,
We have fought with a will that is more than
strength
To bring her victory.

Her banners we've raised and unfurled on
high
With many a rousing song;
With huge bonfires and snake dance wild
We've pledged them our faith full strong.

Full oft have we marched them thru old
Philly town
While drums and bugles were loud;
Her banners are old, her banners are famed;
We have done our part and are proud.

And then for the cozy nooks and haunts
Where the hours were merry with funs,
Where we've talked full wise and have
criticized
The way the old world runs.

Affairs of the state and problems of love,
Life's mysteries and fates;
You see 'twas all wrong till we came along
And settled it in our debates.

Then too, when the sun o'er the campus was
setting
With beauty and calm and rest,
We sang old songs and dreamed proud
dreams
In the crimson skies of the west.

'Twas here in our songs and our dreams and
our hopes
We found a comrade or two;
And all that is great in the great, wide world,
Is a comrade that's loyal and true;
O, all that is great in the wide, wide world,
Is a comrade that's strong and true.

V

But soon 'twill all fade like a fairy tale vision
Of laughter and song and glory;
How may we bestow the great debt that we
owe
This vision—this happy story?

O, not in the good wishes, and not in fine
words,
But just in the life that each leads;
So, for this our life, we have builded a creed,
And here is the way that it reads:

VI

To walk in the light that's within us,
Each one in his separate plan;
With courage and freedom, with justice and
kindness,
Each doing the best that he can
To the glory of God his creator
And the good of his fellow-man.

That the world be a summer dwelling,
With a rainbow o'er land and sea,
Where the hearts of men shall be happy,
And the hearts of men shall be free,
As once in the golden ages
God dreamed that it all should be

VII

This to thee, dear Pennsylvania,
To be worthy of thy name;
This to thee, proud Alma Mater,
To thy honor and thy fame;
Dear old Penn, proud Alma Mater,
Great in honor and in fame.

THE TRAVELER



THE TRAVELER

SCENE I

Sunset: among the Alps. Someone is singing; the tones draw nearer and become more distinct.

SONG

Thy cheeks have the passion of sunset,
Wild beauty lurks deep in thine eyes.

I look upon thee—

Sweet surprise!

I look upon thee

Ah, me!

See, my spirit is lost in love.

Thy rich, raven tresses are chasing
The laughter that lurks in thine eyes.

I would I could flee—

Sweet surprise!

I would I could flee—

Ah, me!

See, my spirit is lost in love.

Enter a traveler and a guide. The traveler is a tall, handsome man, about thirty-six years of age. His face is olive complexioned and smooth, and a faint smile seems to hover constantly about his lips. His movements are graceful and easy. The guide is a smaller man with weatherbeaten features, kindly eyes, and unkempt mustache.

GUIDE

Singing all the time!

TRAVELER

And why not? You see, song makes me free.
Song is the glorious liberator of the world
From all the pains of sorrow and joy.

GUIDE

You certainly seem free;
Have you traveled much?

TRAVELER

Over all the East, far into the East,
Where much of the world has a fantastic soul;
A soul steeped in mystical delights;
A soul that revels in rich dreams of canopied
vineyards,
And the graceful, yielding form—woman.

(Looking toward the west.)

What a weird sunset! Such a grim and gloomy
red!

GUIDE

I think a storm is coming up.

TRAVELER

A storm! Devil take it!
And I wanted to see this part of the Alps by
moonlight!

GUIDE

Perhaps you will anyhow;
'Tis probably only a passing thunderstorm.
I have often seen thunderstorm and moonlight
At one and the same time up here.

TRAVELER

That's true. I recall one such occurrence in
particular.

But far from here, yet not so far. (*chuckles*)
That was a night! Hm!
Twelve—no, let me see—fifteen years ago.
Whew! how time does fly!

GUIDE

Did it cause much havoc?

TRAVELER (*half to himself*)

A wonderful creature, she! Wonderful!
Full of the laughing glory of life,
The color and music and sparkle,
The kind which God breathes forth in an hour
of delight.

(*Smiles; turns toward the west.*)

Look how that dull red is coloring the whole sky!
I've seen many a sunset in many a clime—
Over the desert when the Arab prays
And bows toward Mecca;
Over the Red sea after a sultry day—
But nothing like that.

GUIDE

I imagine this creature and you made a fine
romance.

TRAVELER (*laughing*)

The romance came later— (*more serious*)
You see my friend, it was she
Who made a traveler of me—
Or rather (*with a bitter chuckle*) it was he.

GUIDE

He!

TRAVELER

Her spouse—the fool!

GUIDE (*gives a low whistle*)

Oh, ho! I see!
But just how did he make a traveler of you?

TRAVELER

By taking her life away.

GUIDE

Her life! Ye gods!

TRAVELER

Like this, see! (*puts his finger to his throat*)

GUIDE

By the Great Horn! But what—! How—!

TRAVELER (*smiling*)

Sometimes it all flashes before me
As tho it had been yesterday—but yesterday.
We had spent the afternoon in the garden,
Beautiful place—flowers, fountains, fauns—
And during sunset we lingered in the portico.
When the storm came up we went into the house

And sat upon the divan by the latticed window—
That old window where we sat so often ;
We watched the moon creep in and out the clouds
And listened to the distinct rumbling of thunder,
And I sang a low, sweet song, the selfsame
Which I have just been singing—
Hm!— Then came that sudden and fearful
thunder-crash !

Then he standing in the doorway
And she, crouching in the corner,
Her hair all down, and the moon, the great,
white moon

Full upon her—

God ! I can see it all as tho it were happening
again ;

I can see him moving slowly toward her
Across the room—

(He stares vividly before him. His features become hard and constrained, and a slight twitching passes over them. They relax again; he gives a sigh of relief and laughs to himself. Looking toward the west.)

Wonderful, how that streak of scarlet is breaking
thru !

Like a sudden flash of fire !

GUIDE

What became of him.

TRAVELER

Nobody knows.

He disappeared, and took with him his only
child.

She was but a few years old.

Nobody has ever heard of him since,
Poor wretch! I suppose he's dead long ago.
Come! let's be on our way. We want to reach
 the top
Of yonder peak before dark.

(Goes off whistling a low tune. The guide, shaking his head, slowly follows.)

SCENE II

The living-room of a cottage in the Alps. In the back is a large fire-place, and on each side of this is a door. To the right is a large window and another door which opens into a forest. Almost in the center of the room is a wooden table which has evidently been made by hand. Several crude chairs are standing about.

Upon the mantel-piece, over the fire-place, stands a cuckoo-clock and several grotesque figures of animals, carved out of wood. The walls are adorned with various antique trappings, sabers, daggers, buckles, furs of wild animals, guns, antlers of deer, etc.

It is night-time. Upon the table burns a small lamp which casts a dim light about the room. Seated by the lamp is a man, over middle age, yet robust and strong, with rugged features and a great blonde beard. He is known as Osric. Upon a little stool at his feet is seated a young girl perhaps seventeen years of age, very pretty, with bright brown eyes and rich brown hair flowing in heavy curls about her shoulders. He calls her Silvia.

OSRIC (*reading from a book*)

Thereupon the prince married Griselle
And built a great castle by the sea.
He surrounded it with beautiful gardens
Wherein grew only roses, red and white roses.
Here they lived happy ever after.

(*Closes the book and lays it upon the table.*)

SILVIA
There, my darling! Our story is ended.

SILVIA

But father, what becomes of poor little Minsette.

OSRIC

Little Minsette? Don't you remember how she
was lost
In the great snow-storm and never found again?

SILVIA

Yes, but was she really never found again.

OSRIC

Never.

SILVIA

Ah! poor little Minsette!

OSRIC

Why! I do believe you have tears in your eyes!
(*laughing*)

Come, my darling!
How very sweet and foolish you are!
Come! it is bed-time.

SILVIA (*pleading*)

Father, do read another story, just one more.

OSRIC

The next story is too long for tonight.

(*Takes up the book and counts the pages.*)

Yes, it is too long. We'll read it tomorrow night.

It is the story of Rapunzel with the golden hair—

Hair which was so long,

That it reached from the top of a high tower to
the ground.

Each evening a prince would come

And climb to the top of the tower upon it

And visit her.

SILVIA (*eagerly*)

And what happened then?

OSRIC (*laughing*)

Come, my pretty one! 'tis bed-time.

(*He smooths her hair and fondly caresses her.
She rises and goes slowly toward the door to the
left.*)

OSRIC

And are you not going to kiss me good-night?

SILVIA

I'll be back. (*disappears*)

OSRIC (*smiling and brushing a tear from his
eyes*)

Sweet little creature!

(*He becomes lost in meditation. Suddenly, a
distant singing breaks thru the stillness of the*

night. It is the song of the traveler. Osric rises slowly and strangely from his chair, and stares before him in an attitude of strained attention. He trembles slightly, then straightens up as to contain himself. Then he hastens quickly to the window and listens; he goes to the door, opens it, and disappears into the darkness. The singing ceases. After a few moments he returns again into the room, wipes his brow, and drops into his chair and becomes once more steeped in revery.)

Silvia, dressed in her night-gown, comes in and steals softly over to him, puts her hands over his eyes and kisses him.

SILVIA (*softly*)

Goodnight father.

(She is about to run off again, but he catches her by the arm, and begins to stare peculiarly at her. Silvia, half frightened, lets herself down at his feet. His stare becomes more and more intense.)

SILVIA

Why, father!

OSRIC (*taking her head in his hands and slowly leaning toward her.*)

The eyes! The hair! The very face! (*a low moan*)

SILVIA

Father! Father! (*begins to tremble and sob*)

OSRIC (*rousing himself from his trance he suddenly snatches her into his arms, presses her convulsively to his breast and kisses her many times.*)

There, my child! My sweet one! My lovely one!

(*Looks at her again and laughs.*)

Ah! what a foolish fancy! What a foolish fancy!
(*Smoothing her hair.*)

Aye foolish!

There now, to bed my little daughter
And sleep snugly till morning sun peeps in
And laughs upon her and wakes her up again.

SILVIA

Are you not coming also?

OSRIC

Later.

SILVIA

Why do you not come now? I wish you would father.

OSRIC

But why, my child?

SILVIA

I do not know.

OSRIC

Come! don't be foolish.

See, I shall stay up and watch over you.

(Silvia rises and goes toward the door; she hesitates and runs back to him again and huddles closely to him.)

SILVIA

Father, I—I am afraid.

OSRIC

Afraid? Afraid of what, my child?

SILVIA

I do not know.

(She carefully avoids looking him in the face)

OSRIC

Come! Come! You are only afraid that you will dream evil dreams like you did the other night.

No, no! See, I will watch over you. *(kisses her)*

There!

(She rises, makes a few steps, but once more returns and buries her face at his breast.)

SILVIA

Father!

OSRIC

Silvia! I do not understand!

Come! have you done something that you should not have done?

(Silvia shakes her head in denial. He goes to take her face in his hands, but she hastily kisses him and this time hurries off thru the door and into her chamber. Osric is tempted to follow her but remains seated.)

OSRIC

I wonder what could give her fear? Fear of what?

It must have been my foolishness.

Ah! what a weird idea that was!

And yet, for a moment she was her very picture—

Eyes, hair, features, all.

I had never marked it before—never.

Oh, God! forbid that that should ever be!

(impatiently)

Ah, nonsense! It's all nonsense.

(Takes up the book and tries to read, but soon lays it aside again.)

And that singing! It was that cursed singing Like a phantom escaped from the forgotten past And haunting the night.

Hm! If it could really have been—

Ah, nonsense! I must be dreaming!

Dreaming. Hm! Dreaming.

(He gets up and walks restlessly to and fro, then sits down again and becomes lost in thought. After a little while he suddenly rises again, lights a candle and goes into Silvia's room. He closes the door behind him. Silence. Far off, the gradual rumbling of thunder is heard. Then the wind begins to blow, becoming louder and louder. Slowly it dies down. There is silence once more. Then, far, far away, but singularly clear, the song of the traveler is heard. Osric comes rushing in and makes for the door that leads into the forest.)

*He opens it and disappears into the darkness.
A moment later, Silvia comes in, excited and trembling.)*

SILVIA

Father! Father! Where are you going?
Father! What are you doing?
Where are you? Oh! I am afraid.

(She closes the door and moves trembling about the room. Every least sound distracts her. She stands motionless and listens. The distant song dies away and all becomes silent again.)

SILVIA

I wonder who was singing—I wonder—
Oh! I feel so strange—oh, so strange!
I wish I could hide or run away—
But where?
I wish father would come back!

(A murmuring of the wind outside.)

No! no! no! Not yet!
Oh, father! Not yet!
Oh!

(She sinks to her knees by the table and sobs. The wind begins to blow again—louder and louder. There is a sudden streak of lightning and a thundercrash. Osric appears in the doorway. The wind, coming in, upsets the lamp and for several moments all is steeped in darkness. Then a beam of moonlight streams thru the window and reveals Silvia, crouching and terrified. The figure of Osric is seen slowly to approach her. As he draws nearer, the moonbeam disappears—there is heard a

quick and sharp cry which is immediately muffled and silenced. After a short space of time, Osric can be seen groping about in the dark room. He is looking for the lamp. He lights it, kneels and holds it over the prostrate body of his daughter. He gazes at her long and steadily. Slowly he puts the lamp aside and gathers her into his arms. A groan of deepest despair escapes him.)

THE FLUTE



THE FLUTE

An open place in a large forest. A youth, happy and gay, comes in carelessly, spies a little yellow bird on one of the trees, stops and whistles to it. Then he takes his flute and begins to play a tune. While playing, a group of twelve young girls, dressed in veils, break forth from the forest. The veils are large and flowing, and vary in color, the different shades of red, blue, yellow and green. They begin to dance about him in a great circle. One of them gets within the circle and leads the dance and sings a song. The rest all join in the chorus. Then another one takes her place and leads and sings. Thus it continues until all have been once within the circle. The dance constantly varies with the nature of the song.

YOUTH

What a wealth of beauty and grace;
What a mystery of music and color.
Surely I have come upon the abodes
Where fairy-tales are shaped,
Or upon the secret gardens
Of an ancient god.

(One of the maidens veiled in crimson, and distinguished by a small red band about her hair, and a dragon-flower in her hand, approaches him.)

MAIDEN

We are the daughters of ecstatic fires;
The daughters of the moments of glory and
triumph.

YOUTH

I love your music and grace and flowing veils.

MAIDEN

These only do you love.

YOUTH

I love the laughter of your eyes,
And the rose of your cheeks.

MAIDEN

These, and nothing more!

YOUTH

I understand you not.

MAIDEN

(Suddenly kisses him while all the others assume enhancing poses.)

YOUTH (taken aback)

Ah!

(He looks slowly about him with wonder and amazement.)

MAIDEN (coyly)

Come with us to our abodes
In the deep and silent twilight of the forest.
Come!

(She begins to dance about him, luring him along, but always just evading him. As she is about to lead him from the ring, he stops short and stands motionless, his head raised and his eyes closed.)

MAIDEN

Youth of the spirit of mirth and joy,
Say what has come over thee,
For thy face is solemn and grave
Like the autumn of the forests,
And the plaintive winds touch lightly thy hair.

YOUTH

I dare not linger longer ;
I must depart in haste.

MAIDEN

So soon ?

YOUTH

Even so soon.
I am burning unholy
And my spirit is writhing in pain.

MAIDEN

'Tis I that understand thee not.

YOUTH

My spirit is proud and free
And cries out to me
Lest it become thy slave.

MAIDEN

It shall become more free
Than the wanton winds
That spread the pollen of the blossoms of spring.

YOUTH

Even in this, thy freedom, is it a slave.
You understand not, and I must go.

(She stands in his way and puckers her mouth, inviting a kiss. He hesitates a moment, then bends and kisses her.)

YOUTH

There! One quick embrace, one kiss,
Will do no harm.
Farewell, and farewell to you all
Bright daughters of the flowing veils.

(He goes to depart, but as he nears the outside of the ring, he starts back suddenly as tho struck in the face by some unseen thing.

He makes several more attempts, but each time is likewise rebuffed. With each attempt a trickle of laughter is heard from all the maidens in the ring.)

YOUTH

I am surrounded by a ring of magic;
I am surrounded by sorcery;
I am captive and cannot flee.

MAIDEN

Even in your own kiss have you bound yourself.

YOUTH

You are all witches of evil.

MAIDEN (*coyly*)

Come with us to the silence and sweetness
Of the deep twilight of the forest.

YOUTH

I hate you.

MAIDEN

Come, give us your flute
Whereupon you make sweet and luring music,
And you may go.

YOUTH

Ah! I love it well and have made
Music upon it thru many an hour,
Yet, to set my proud spirit free
I will give it to thee.

(He is about to give it to her when one of the maidens—the smallest one, with brown curly hair and soft eyes, flutters between them and checks him.)

SECOND MAIDEN

Do not give it away! Do not give it away!
For herein rests the secret of your liberty.
Play music the sweetest and softest—
And even in the beauty of your art
Shall the charm that holds your spirit
Be dispelled.

(Silently and modestly she steals away and disappears into the forest. A deep murmur of disapproval arises from all the rest, and they look after her with scornful faces.)

The youth begins to play upon his flute. During the music the maidens set up a low moaning and wave their veils slowly as tho in pain. Then they recede slowly and disappear into the forest. When he ceases playing he finds himself alone.)

YOUTH (*laughing gaily*)

You have all disappeared, you pretty witches,
And my spirit is laughing with joy.
Yo ho ! for the mountains !
Where the winds blow free
And the sun is golden.

(*He is about to go, when the little maiden with the curly hair and soft eyes, emerges shyly from the forest and stands before him, her head bowed in shame.*)

YOUTH

Sweet creature, I would I could thank thee
For thy goodness.
Thou art so sweet and kind.
Ah ! even as I behold thee
Mine eyes are strangely dimmed with tears.
Thou art sad ?

SECOND MAIDEN (*simply*)

I love you
And my love is true.

YOUTH (*kissing her forehead*)

Come ! You and I shall wander together.
We shall wander and dwell and sleep together
In love and faith.
Come, we shall go unto the mountains,
High in the windy mountains
Yo ho ! for the mountains.

(*They go off.*)

TILLY AND PLUCK



TILLY AND PLUCK

SCENE

A hillside in the open country. Pluck, a cowherd, is stretched out upon some green turf and is sleeping. His head rests comfortably upon a small green mound, and his mouth is wide open. Beside him lies his staff.

Tilly comes skipping in, stops short before the sleeping Pluck, and holds her finger mischievously before her puckered mouth. She takes a blade of grass and begins to tickle Pluck's ears, first one, then the other. Each time Pluck gives a low grunt, makes an aimless pass with the hand and turns his head to the other side. Finally, Tilly takes a handful of grass and stuffs it into his mouth. Pluck awakes with a start, splutters, and makes wry faces, while Tilly, laughing, dances about and pokes fun at him. Suddenly he darts after her, catches her by the arm and makes her sit down beside him on the mound.

PLUCK

There now, you little cricket! Be good! Ugh!
What an awful taste in my mouth!

TILLY

That's what you get for being so lazy; doing
nothing but dreaming and sleeping all day!

PLUCK

Hm ! as tho you do so much ! All the time hiding
in the barn and reading those old stories
about people and things that never was !

Oh, I know you !

TILLY (*enthusiastically*)

Oh, Pluck ! I've just finished an exciting story
about a princess and a knight.

PLUCK

What's a knight ?

TILLY

Why you silly ! He's a brave man who wears
a fine red plume, and rides around on a
snorting horse, and saves ladies.

PLUCK

What does he save them from ?

TILLY (*impatiently*)

Oh !

PLUCK

O—oh !

TILLY (*plaintively*)

I wish I could be a princess, and had silk dresses
and had a brave knight for a lover.

PLUCK

A knight for a lover ?

TILLY

I know! I must be a princess and you must be my knight.

PLUCK

Me?

TILLY

Why yes. Wouldn't you like to be a knight?

PLUCK

And your lover?

(He moves closer to her and tries to put his arm around her waist. But Tilly moves away deftly and holds up her finger in reproof.)

TILLY

1. Now! You must remember you are a knight, and that's not the way a knight makes love. First, you must make a low bow, and then you must get down on your one knee.

PLUCK

Oh, but I can't.

TILLY

Yes, you can. Now make a low bow.

PLUCK *(makes a clumsy effort to bow)*

TILLY *(laughingly)*

Oh, but not as tho you had a stomach ache!

PLUCK *(pouting)*

I don't like this being a knight!

TILLY

Yes, you do. Now get down on your one knee.

PLUCK (*throws himself on his one knee.*)

TILLY (*satisfied*)

There!

PLUCK

And now, what shall I do?

TILLY (*amused at the poor, awkward Pluck, she bursts into laughter.*)

Really, Pluck! you do look so funny!

PLUCK

(*Gets up angrily and struts like a peevish boy.*
Then suddenly)

I'm not going to be a knight anymore.

TILLY

Yes you are. Now Pluck, be a good boy!

Be a real good boy, or I won't like you anymore.

Come! now I'm your princess. (*Coy and coaxing*) Pluck!

PLUCK

(*Reluctantly gets down on his one knee again.*)

TILLY

Oh, but you're getting to be so dainty, Pluck!

(*Pluck frowns. Tilly takes his face in her hands and begins to laugh again.*)

Why, Pluck! Your face looks like the big
wrinkly wart on my master's hand.

(At first Pluck feels insulted, but in spite of himself he joins in with Tilly's laughter. Then, puckering his lips, he reaches to kiss her, but Tilly holds up her finger in warning.)

TILLY

2. Now! That's not the way a knight makes love
to a princess. You must take my hand like
this, and kiss only my hand. There!

PLUCK

Your hand?

TILLY (*pretentiously*)
My hand.

PLUCK

(He goes to kiss her hand but as he brings it near his lips he draws back with a wry face.)

Ugh! You must have just been churning butter
or mixing sour milk for the master.

TILLY (*indignant and scornful*)

Is that so! Hm! My hands aren't good enough
for you!

PLUCK

Now Tilly, be a good girl! Be a real good girl
or I won't like you anymore.

TILLY (*sneers and makes faces at him*)

PLUCK

Oh! how be-a-u-tiful you do look!

TILLY (*smacking him on the face*)
There, you saucy wart!

PLUCK (*rubs his cheek and sulks*)

TILLY

Ah! I didn't mean to make it quite so hard.
(*Pats his cheek.*) There! That will make
it all right again.

(*Both laugh, and dance in a ring. Then Pluck
sits down again and tries to pull Tilly down
upon his lap, but she holds up her finger warn-
ingly.*)

TILLY

3. Now! That's not the way a knight makes love
to a princess.

PLUCK

Oh, let's forget knights. They don't know how
to make love anyhow, and what's more, I'm
tired of being one.

TILLY

Oh, no!

PLUCK

Oh, yes!

TILLY (*emphatically*)
I say no! So, there!

PLUCK (*fretfully*)

But I'm not going to get down on one knee any-
more.

TILLY

I didn't say you should.

PLUCK

Well, what do knights do when they become more
—I mean when they fall in love.

TILLY (*with sudden thought*)

They get down on two knees.

PLUCK (*stupefied*)

On two!

TILLY

Um!—hum! That is if you want to become
more—I mean if you are falling more in
love.

(*Pluck pouts, then throws himself on his knees.*
Tilly laughs to herself and Pluck frowns.)

TILLY

Oh, Pluck! we almost forgot something. We
almost forgot the rival. You see knights
have rivals and you should have one too.

It's so much more exciting.

PLUCK

What are rivals?

TILLY

They are two men who fight with swords and try
to kill each other—anyhow, they are sup-
posed to try to kill each other.

PLUCK (*scratching his head perplexedly*)
Hm!

TILLY

You see, they are in love with the same lady.

PLUCK

But to think that there are so many others to be
had!

TILLY

4. Oh, but that's not the way a knight makes
love.

Now when they fight, the princess, or as the
book says, the poor damosel—

PLUCK

The poor what?

TILLY

The poor damosel—oh, you don't understand!

Now when they fight, she weeps and prays and
trys to stop them and save their lives.

But they push her aside and keep on fighting to
the bitter end. Then the one that wins, gets
the princess and they live happy ever after.

PLUCK

Live happy ever after?

TILLY

Um—hum! Really Pluck, you must look for a
rival.

PLUCK

But suppose I'm the one that gets killed?

TILLY

Oh! that would just be right! You see, then I could bend over you and be heartbroken and weep, and at night, when the moon would shine, I could come to your grave and sigh like Princess Willowfan. Oh, she could sigh so beau-tiful. (*Tilly sighs, Pluck sighs.*) Why what's the trouble, Pluck?

PLUCK

I—I don't know. I sort of feel funny.

TILLY (*pretentiously*)

When you're a knight, you should learn to hide your feelings.

PLUCK

Well, what shall I do? Bury my face?

TILLY

Anyhow, that would make you look better. But let me see, who would make a good rival?

PLUCK

But if I shouldn't get killed, I might win—what then?

TILLY

I suppose we would have to live happy ever after.

PLUCK

I suppose we would.

TILLY

But that wouldn't be at all exciting.

PLUCK (*rubbing his cheek*)

I don't know about that.

TILLY

Oh! you don't know anything!

PLUCK

I wish we could live happy ever after without this stuff about rivals. And I don't see why we couldn't if your father wouldn't be so—if he were a little more—well, not quite so rough about it.

TILLY

Now you know, they say when father's rough, he's in a good humor.

PLUCK

Well, I don't like that kind of humor. You remember when we were at the festival and he came and grabbed me by the hair and tickled me under the chin with a cane, and then—(*rubbing his head*)—well you know.

TILLY (*sympathetically*)

Yes, and after the cane was broken, he used his foot. Now you see if we were princesses and knights we wouldn't have to care about father.

PLUCK

Well, don't they have a father?

TILLY

5. Yes, but they don't seem to trouble about him.

PLUCK

But suppose he troubles about them?

TILLY

Oh, he just doesn't.

PLUCK

But suppose just once that he should trouble,
and get rough and do with them as he does
with us.

TILLY

Oh, well, then they have what they call a romance. At night, when the moon is shining, they meet each other in some mysterious place and then run away and get married.

PLUCK

*(Struck with a sudden thought and leaning
close to Tilly.)*

Why can't we make love like the knights and
have a romance?

TILLY

Why can't we?

PLUCK

Lets.

TILLY

6. Lets.

(They dance about happily and go off.)
CURTAIN

THE SHADOW-GRAPH

If the shadow-graph is used, the following scenes will be inserted at the places denoted respectively by the numbers.

1.

A knight puts his arm around a princess.

2.

The knight kisses the princess.

3.

The princess sits down upon the knee of the courtier.

4.

*The princess is seated between two knights.
All three are engaged in merry conversation.*

5.

The princess and the knight. The father of the princess appears and the knight steals away.

6.

The knight and the princess dance around gracefully and disappear.

DAVID AND NATHAN



DAVID AND NATHAN

SCENE I

A room in the house of David. The walls are covered with purple tapestries which are trimmed with gold borders. In the back, at the center, is a large doorway, and on each side of this are two long, narrow windows. When the tapestry is drawn aside from the doorway, a considerable view of the center of the court is obtained. Here, a small artificial pond, shaded by several citron trees, is visible.

On the right side of the room is a large stone seat elevated upon a platform of several successive steps. The platform is covered with a purple rug. David is resting comfortably in the seat. At his feet, a young musician is making music upon a harp. The music ceases.

DAVID

Truly thou hast played it well;
And if thy music, at this evening's festival
Should be as sweet and luring
I shall be pleased indeed.
Nor forget what I have told thee:
When the first wines are being served,
Thou shalt kneel at the foot of Bathsheba
And play this song;
Thou shalt mingle with the tones of the harp
Thine own gentle voice.
And if she bow her head as when the soul

Is touched with sweet emotion,
I shall fill thy pockets with gold.

ZEPHO

Master, I shall do my best.
But there is a grievous fault in the harp,
For here, where the music groweth sweetest,
Several strings are loosened ;
And since they are much worn with use,
I fear to tighten them, lest one should break.

DAVID

It were indeed a sorry jest, if at the word of love,
A harp-string would be rent in two,
And all the music suddenly would grow dis-
cordant.
Let Raamah give thee mine own soft harp ;
And use it well, that no harm shall befall it,
For there is not another one in all Israel
That yields so sweetly to the touch, so passion-
ately.

(Enter a servant.)

SERVANT

Master, the aged Nathan with some followers
Is waiting at the gate ;
He comes to talk with thee in private.

DAVID

Nathan ! ah, his dreams have again been filled
With the revelations of the Lord.
Surely he hath had visions of the siege, and
bringeth news thereof.
Bid him enter.

(Exit servant.)

O, that the Lord may have been kind,
And given into the hands of Joab
The city of Rabbah !

(To Zepho)

Zepho, bid Raamah give thee my harp
That thou mayest accustom thyself unto it.
And say that I have commanded
To adorn the court with Palms,
To pour the wines into the bowls wrought of the
newest gold.

(Exit Zepho.)

(Enter Nathan.)

Welcome, aged Nathan !
Thou bringest prophesies for the house of David ?

(Nathan bows reverently)

Thou art grave and even thy brows
Seem weighted with heavy burden.
Surely, thou bringest not evil tidings of the
siege ?

What, Joab hath not been slain ?

NATHAN

Master, I know nothing of the siege,
Tho it is being rumored
That the walls of Rabbah have been overthrown,
And Joab hath conquered the city.

DAVID

Ah !

NATHAN

Nay, I come not as messenger of war
But as guardian of justice.

One of the children of Israel hath committed
Grave sin against the Lord.
And since the Lord hath looked with favor upon
thee,
And hath chosen thee to do his will over Israel,
I come to thee for righteous judgment;
I come to thee, that the just may be rewarded
And the wicked punished.

DAVID

Truly, if there be such a one who hath trespassed
The law of the God of Israel,
He shall be punished accordingly;
And may the will of the Lord be manifest in my
soul,
That I might speak in justice,
That I might pass righteous judgment.
What is the evil that hath been done?

NATHAN

It concerneth two men who were neighbors
And whose dwellings are within the very city,
The one man being rich, the other poor.
The rich man had exceeding many flocks and
herds
But the poor man had nothing,
Save one little lamb
Which he bought and nourished up.
And it grew together with him and with his
children;
It did eat of his own morsel, and drank of his
own cup,

And lay in his bosom,
And was unto him as a daughter.
And there came a traveler unto the rich man,
And he spared to take of his own flock and herd
To dress for the wayfaring man that was come
unto him.
But took the poor man's lamb
And dressed it for the man that was come unto
him.
This hath he done in the face of the Lord
Who had favored him with riches and fortune
And bathed him in blessings, like sunshine.

DAVID

As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this,
Shall surely die.
He is like unto a foul weed in the Garden of
Israel,
And must be rooted out and destroyed.

NATHAN

Is this the will of the Lord
Made manifest in thy soul?

DAVID

Even more—for tho he die,
His neighbor's loss is not redeemed thereby.
So shall he restore the lamb fourfold
"Because he did this thing, because he had no
pity"
Even now let him be cast into chains,
And may the Lord alone have mercy on his soul.

NATHAN

May the Lord indeed have mercy on his soul.

DAVID

And do I know this man?

NATHAN

Thou dost know him only too well,
For he walketh in purple garments
And doth sit upon a throne;
His sceptre doth sway over the mightiest children of God;
He ruleth as King over Israel.
Even now he is before me.
Thou art the man.

DAVID

I!

NATHAN

Thou!

“Thus saith the Lord of Israel:
I anointed thee king over Israel,
And delivered thee out of the hand of Saul,
And I gave thee thy master’s house
And thy master’s wives into thy bosom,
And gave thee the house of Israel and of Judah;
And if that had been too little
I would have added unto thee such and such things.

Wherefore hast thou despised the word of the Lord

To do that which is evil in his sight?

Thou hast smitten Uriah the Hittite with the sword,

And hast taken his wife to be thy wife,
And hast slain him with the sword of the children of Ammon.

Now therefore shall the sword never depart from thy house

Because thou hast despised me
And hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite
To be thy wife."

DAVID (*springing up*)

Lay hold on him and cast him into the dungeon.
Where be my slaves?

(*Two guards armed with spears, rush in thru the curtained doorway and are about to seize Nathan. The latter points accusingly at David, then slowly begins to speak again. David with a wave of the hand orders the guards to leave.*)
(*Exeunt guards.*)

NATHAN

"Thus saith the Lord,
Behold, I will raise up evil against thee
And I will take thy wives before thine eyes,
And give them unto thy neighbor,
And he shall lie with them in the sight of the sun,
For thou didst it secretly;
But I will do this thing before all Israel
And before the sun."

DAVID

Almighty God!

(*Buries his head in his hands.*)

NATHAN

Dost thou confess thy sin?

DAVID (*muffled*)

O, full of anguish is my soul!

(*Pause*)

DAVID (*springing up*)

Let me depart forever from the sight of the Lord,

For I am steeped in the floods of iniquity

And am unworthy of the Lord!

Let me be seized with a thousand pains;

Let me be flayed by ruthless agonies,

That in the torments of my body

I might drown my soul!

(*He sinks back, exhausted*)

NATHAN

(*Laying his hand on David's shoulder*)

Even in thine own remorse, thy soul is purified;

And in these, thy words, art thou forgiven.

“The Lord doth put away thy sin,

Thou shalt not die.”

(*He retreats slowly, halts, and raises his hands.*)

The will of the Lord hath been done.

(*Exit Nathan.*)

(*A flourish of trumpets is heard in the distance. Raamah comes in hastily, but on seeing David, he stops short and retreats several steps as tho in fright. He bows reverently.*)

RAAMAH

Master, the dancers with their cymbals have arrived,
And there is also among them a conjurer,
And one who worketh magic with fire.
Shall I bring them into the court?

DAVID

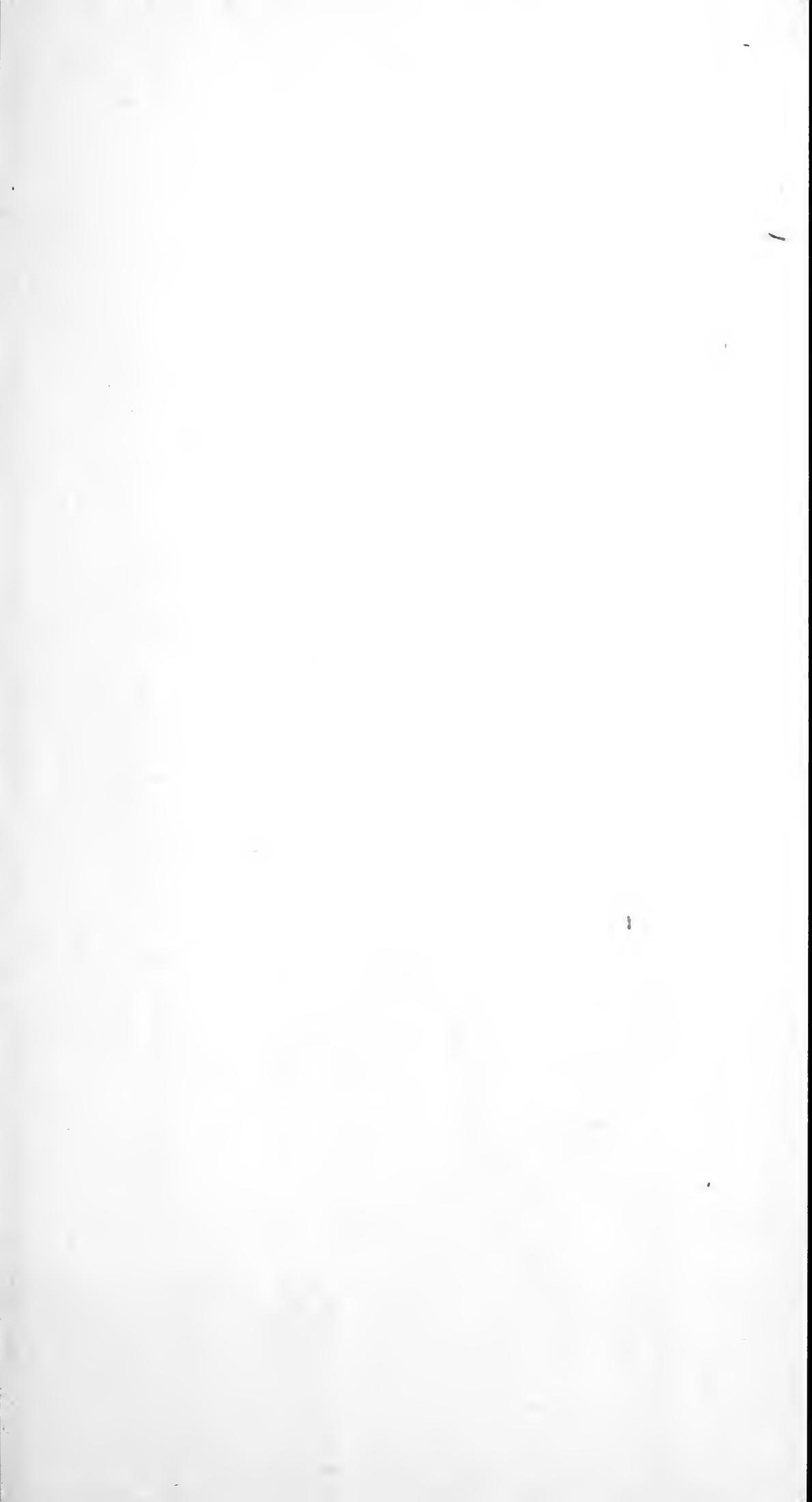
Raamah, make haste and let it be known to all
There shall be no festivities tonight.
The dancers shall depart from whence they came ;
The wines shall be poured away ;
The palms and the flowers strewn over the fields.
Not a light shall burn in the house of David,
And all shall be steeped in the stillness of night.
No man shall converse with his neighbor,
And none shall whisper why or wherefore ;
But each shall steal silently unto his den,
And where the moonlight greets his window
Offer prayer unto God.
Woe unto him that doth otherwise.
Begone.

(Exit Raamah.)

(David goes to the doorway and draws aside one of the curtains. He sinks down upon his right knee and begins to speak the fifty-first psalm. Evening slowly closes in upon him.)

CURTAIN

31 w



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date:

JAN 1999

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